

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JULY 30, 1965

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



CHAGALL
Self-Portrait

MARC
CHAGALL
1965.



Light up a Kent...you've got a good thing going. Good taste from good tobaccos through the Kent filter.

KENT...THE ONE CIGARETTE FOR EVERYONE WHO SMOKES

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COLUMBIA
STEREO TAPE CLUB

NOW OFFERS YOU

ANY 5

of these exciting
pre-recorded 4-track

STEREO \$ 2.97

FOR
ONLY

Value up
to \$4.50
at regular
Club prices

If you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 150 to be offered in the next 12 months

Vladimir Horowitz

My Fair Lady

My Love Forgives Me

Bob Brookmeyer

FREE—if you join now

REVOLUTIONARY SELF-THREADING TAKE-UP REEL



Just drop the end of the tape over this reel, start your recorder, and watch it thread itself! Unique Scotch process automatically threads up tape of any thickness, releases freely on rewind.

1683. "While grace
smiles upon me," etc.—
Hifi, Stereo Rev.

Lord's Prayer

Epithemy

BERNSTEIN

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THE FORTUNATE PEOPLE who own 4-track stereo tape playback equipment, you know the thrill of the near-perfect fidelity, the unsurpassed sound of tape. Now you have an exceptional opportunity to build an outstanding collection of superb stereo tapes at great savings through the most generous offer ever made by the Columbia Stereo Tape Club!

1530. Greater than
Academy Awards

Monk Big Band & Quartet

Too Good
To Wear

STANLEY CLARKE,
CARL HANICK,
CARL BLUMEN, CLIVE JONES

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1535. Also: What Kind
Of Love Is This? See I
Love Her, etc.

Percy Faith

Epithemy

THE MANY MUSES OF
Ferrante & Teicher

FREE—if you join now
REVOLUTIONARY SELF-THREADING TAKE-UP REEL

1548. Also: Sleep
Barlin'—Carey, etc.

Monk Big Band & Quartet

Symphony No. 7

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1598. Also: Baby Ef-
ephant Walk, Peter
Genn, etc.

Robby Kacette plays MANZINI

Themes

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1637. Epiphany,
Four in One, I Mean
You, etc.

Twin-Pack

Equivalent
To Two
Selections

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1642. The Sweetest
Sounds, You'll Never
Walk Alone, 10 more

Peter Paul & Mary

Epithemy

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1673-1674. Twin-Pack (Counts As Two
Selections). Blowin' in the Wind, If I Had
A Hammer, Five Hundred Miles, 10 in all

Twin-Pack

Equivalent
To Two
Selections

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1714. Also: Autumn
Leaves, etc., and Little Farter, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1735. Also: The High
And The Mighty, I
Get Rhythm, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1748. Also: Sleep
Barlin'—Carey, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1753. Also: The High
And The Mighty, I
Get Rhythm, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1768. Also: The High
And The Mighty, I
Get Rhythm, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1772. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1789. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1798. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1809. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1822. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1837. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1848. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1858. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1868. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1878. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1888. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1898. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1908. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1918. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1928. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1938. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1948. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1958. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1968. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1978. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1988. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

1998. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2008. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2018. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2028. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2038. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2048. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2058. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2068. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2078. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2088. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2098. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2108. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2118. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2128. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2138. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2148. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2158. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

PERCY FAITH

BERNSTEIN

REVOLUTIONARY
SELF-THREADING
TAKE-UP REEL

2168. Also: Spanish
Landscape, Mancha de
Caravaca, etc.

Latin Themes

An intriguing proposal from A.G. Becker & Co.

To the
Keenest
Financial
Minds
in Chicago and the Midwest

We'd like ten minutes of your thinking time. To the executive who comes up with an acceptable solution to the problem we are about to pose, **we'll pay \$1,000. That's \$100 a minute**... well above the union scale for top level management.

"Investment Banking" is a term that has been used for more than 100 years to describe the activities of financial houses like A. G. Becker & Co.

In our opinion, these activities have changed and expanded to such an extent that the term is outmoded, and no longer describes our business accurately or adequately.

On behalf of ourselves and the entire "Investment Banking" fraternity, we would like to stimulate a little thought on the subject by business men in Chicago and the Midwest, and are prepared to pay quite well for the effort.

Take a few minutes now to read about the varied services we offer. This time is on you; we ask for **ten full minutes of your thinking time** to see if you can't suggest a name which embraces and describes all these activities better than "Investment Banking."

Corporate Financing

Well-managed companies frequently need capital to finance expansion, new factories, additional equipment, acquisition of other companies. We help them raise that capital in one of many ways: a public offering of stock, or issuance of debt obligations; or perhaps through a sale/leaseback arrangement, or a private placement of securities. All these methods have a place in corporate financing, and our experience in all of them qualifies us to advise our clients which is best suited to their needs.

Commercial Paper

This can be one of the most attractive Short-Term Money Market Instruments for investment by companies which periodically have large amounts of cash on hand. Maturities can be tailor-made to the precise needs of the investor, be it a week-end or 270 days. Commercial paper notes are usually issued in denominations of \$100,000 and up, but small units are also available.

We are one of the country's largest dealers in Commercial Paper, as well as other forms of Short-Term Money Market Instruments.

In addition, we are exclusive selling agents for FNMA (Fannie Mae) Short-Term Discount Notes.

Mergers and Acquisitions

Our help in this area runs the gamut from locating suitable prospects to drafting capital structure revisions that will permit the attainment of company objectives. In between these extremes, we act as an intermediary on behalf of clients and are often able to negotiate more effectively than principals; we also frequently can assist counsel in working out the details of a transaction to minimize the impact of federal and state securities laws.

Investment Research

No investment firm has a monopoly on people with brilliant analytical minds and acute sensitivity to market trends, but we think we have more than our fair share. If our research philosophy differs from that of others, it is in the direction of depth rather than breadth; we make no attempt to cover the waterfront with reports on hundreds of companies, but those we do cover we cover thoroughly

with reports that can run to 15-20 pages. And we follow through with progress reports that keep information current. Institutional investors especially have found this approach to be rewarding.

Appraisals

We are qualified by experience and personnel to give expert advice on the value of securities of privately-held companies. We perform this service on a fee basis in situations where such appraisals are necessary for Estate and Gift Taxes, Restricted Stock Option Plans, Repurchase Agreements, Mergers, Acquisitions and Sales.

Brokerage

As members of the New York, Midwest and other principal Stock Exchanges, we buy and sell securities of all types. We also have a Trading Department with a private wire system that links our own offices and those of other principal trading houses. For many years we have been an underwriter and distributor of all types of Municipals. We also play an important role in "Secondary offerings"—the distribution of large blocks of securities without disturbing the market.

Such a wide range of services is no longer accurately described, in our opinion, by "Investment Banking". Is there a term that can serve us better? Perhaps not, but it ought to be fun to relieve the summer doldrums by concentrating on the problem for ten minutes at \$100 a minute. Incidentally, we'll pay that thousand dollars for the term or phrase that comes closest, in our judgment, to describing the many facets of our business, even if we decide not to adopt it. (Traditions die hard in the financial world.)

The old name has served us well for a long time, so there is no real emergency. But you're entitled to a target date; shall we say Friday, August 20? Send your suggestions (on your business letterhead, please) to Stanley Wirt, Vice President, who, with two other members of our staff, will decide on the winning entry. The earliest postmark will prevail in case of duplicate entries.

While \$100 a minute for ten minutes is respectable pay, we suspect that the challenge inherent in the problem is what will appeal most to the keen executive minds we hope to hear from. We are truly excited at the prospect.

A.G. Becker & Co.
INCORPORATED

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your taste!



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of these exciting
pre-recorded 4-track

STEREO \$ 2 97

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Vladimir Horowitz
MOSCOW "Folksong"
DEBUT: Three Pictures
COLUMBIA 42 2000



1953 "My Fair Lady"
ROBERT MITCHUM,
SARAH BERNHOLDT, etc.



1955 "My Love Forgives Me"
ROBERT COOTE,
JOHN GLENN, etc.



1956 "The Lord's Prayer"
JOHN GLENN, etc.



1958 "Percy Faith and His Folk Themes"
PERCY FAITH,
GLENN MILLAN, etc.



1959 "Bob Brookmeyer"
BOB BROOKMEYER,
HERBIE HANCOCK,
GARY BARTON, etc.



1960 "Bernstein Conducts Tchaikovsky"
LEONARD BERNSTEIN,
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC



1964 "West Side Story"
LEONARD BERNSTEIN,
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK



1965 "Telstar"
WILLIAM SHATNER,
MICHAEL COUGHLAN, etc.



1966 "Lord's Prayer"
JOHN GLENN, etc.



1967 "Percy Faith and His Folk Themes"
PERCY FAITH,
GLENN MILLAN, etc.



1968 "Bob Brookmeyer"
BOB BROOKMEYER,
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1969 "Bernstein Conducts Tchaikovsky"
LEONARD BERNSTEIN,
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC



1970 "West Side Story"
LEONARD BERNSTEIN,
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK



1969 "Alice Green"
GREEN, ROD RICKMAN,
etc.



1970 "Bobby Hackett plays Mancini"
HACKETT, etc.



1971 "Monk Big Band and Quartet"
MONK, etc.



1972 "Grofe Grand Concerto"
GROFE, etc.



1973 "The Many Moods of Ferrante & Teicher"
FERRANTE & TEICHER,
etc.



1974 "Goldfinger"
GOLDFINGER, etc.



1974 "The Sweetest Sounds You'll Never Walk Alone"
CONNIFF, etc.



1975 "Peter, Paul & Mary in Concert"
PETER, PAUL & MARY,
etc.



1976 "Twin-Pack"
TWIN-PACK,
etc.



1977 "Latin Themes"
LATIN THEMES,
etc.



1978 "Andre Previn"
PREVIN, etc.



1979 "Tony Bennett"
TONY BENNETT,
etc.



1980 "Rhapsody in Blue"
BENSON, etc.



1981 "Tony Bennett"
BENNETT, etc.



1982 "Andre Previn"
PREVIN, etc.



1983 "Latin Themes"
LATIN THEMES,
etc.



1984 "Andy Williams
Dear Heart"
ANDY WILLIAMS,
etc.



1985 "Norman Luboff Choir
Moments to Remember"
NORMAN LUBOFF, etc.



1986 "Ray Conniff
Invisible Tears"
CONNIFF, etc.



1987 "New Comedy
Minstrels in Caravan"
NEW COMEDY MINSTRELS,
etc.



1988 "Andy Williams
Dear Heart"
ANDY WILLIAMS,
etc.



1989 "Latin Themes"
LATIN THEMES,
etc.



1990 "Miles Davis
in Europe"
MILES DAVIS,
etc.



1991 "George Tsontis
at the Anthur Jazz
Festival"
GEORGE TSONTIS,
etc.



1992 "Barbara Streisand
and People
Albert Mandel Me
and You
and Me"
BARBARA STREISAND,
etc.

1993 "A Star Is Born"
GEORGE TSONTIS,
etc.

1994 "West Side Story"
LEONARD BERNSTEIN,
etc.

FREE—if you join now REVOLUTIONARY SELF-THREADING TAKE-UP REEL



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By joining now, you may have ANY FIVE of the magnificently recorded 4-track stereo tapes described here—sold regularly by the Club for up to \$43.75—or for only \$2.97!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 5 PRE-RECORDED STEREO TAPES FOR ONLY \$2.97—simply fill in and mail the coupon today. Be sure to indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical or Popular.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts chooses outstanding selections for both Divisions. These selections are described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of tapes offered in the Magazine to members of both Divisions . . . or take no tape in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase 5 tapes from the more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional tapes . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE TAPES GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing five tapes, you will receive—FREE—a 4-track stereo tape of your choice for every two additional tapes you buy.

The tapes you want are mailed to you at the regular Club price of \$7.95 (occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

IMPORTANT NOTE: All tapes offered by the Club must be played on 4-track stereo playback equipment. If your tape recorder does not play 4-track stereo tapes, you may be able to convert it simply and economically. See your local service dealer for complete details.

SEND NO MONEY—mail coupon to receive 5 tapes for \$2.97

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Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

I accept your special offer and have written in the Club Magazine the name of the tape I would like to receive for \$2.97, plus a small mailing and handling charge. I will also receive my self-threading reel.

Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

CLASSICAL POPULAR

I understand that I may select tapes from either Division. I will receive one tape monthly for more than 150 to be offered in the coming 12 months, at the regular Club price plus a small mailing and handling charge. I will receive my self-threading reel with my membership. I am able to receive a 4-track, pre-recorded tape of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

Print Name _____

First Name _____ Initial _____ Last Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

This offer is available only within the continental limits of the U.S.

SEND ME
THESE FIVE
TAPES

(fill in numbers
below)

An intriguing proposal from A.G. Becker & Co.

To the
Keenest
Financial
Minds
in Chicago and the Midwest

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120 South La Salle Street • Chicago, Illinois 60603 • FRanklin 2-6100
New York, San Francisco, Boston, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Roseland (Chicago), Philadelphia

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, July 28

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.) "Westerns, European Style," a documentary featuring the filming of *The Sheriff Doesn't Shoot*, a Spanish-Italian cowboy picture being made at Rome's Cinecittà.

Thursday, July 29

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.), Emlyn Williams and Ossie Davis in a drama about a murderer who bases a plea of self-defense on extrasensory perception. Repeat.

Saturday, July 31

FIFTH ANNUAL AMERICAN-SOVIET TRACK MEET (ABC, approximately 12:30-1:30 p.m.). Live from Kiev via Early Bird satellite.

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.), Leo Durocher-san will try out his Japanese lip giving the play-by-play of the Japanese All-Star baseball game in Tokyo.

Sunday, August 1

AMERICAN-SOVIET TRACK MEET (ABC, approximately 12:30-1:30 p.m.). See above.

NBC'S SPORTS IN ACTION (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The famous Etonian "Wall Game" from England and the National Collegiate Rodeo from Laramie, Wyo.

THE ROGUES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.), "Gambit by the Golden Gate," an episode in which Marcel St. Clair (Charles Boyer) tries to appropriate a painting from an art collector (Broderick Crawford). Repeat.

Monday, August 2

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Madlyn Rhue guest-stars as a desperate lovely who asks Solo and Illya for H.E.L.P. Repeat.

THEATER

Straw Hat

The usual formula for warm-weather theater is as fluffy as cotton candy. But in a few playhouses, more substantial offerings can be found.

BOOTHBAY, ME. Boothbay Playhouse: *The Physicist*. Three atomic scientists in an insane asylum try to outmatch each other. Swiss playwright Friedrich Duerrenmatt probes the problem of the trio's moral responsibility for the destructiveness of their discoveries.

NEW HAVEN, CONN. Long Wharf Theater: *The Hostage*. The late Irish playwright and scourge Brendan Behan is at his bawdy best, using ribald humor to outrage and amuse—and to reveal the depths beneath human shenanigans—in the story of a young English soldier kept as hostage by the I.R.A. in a Dublin brothel.

BROOKPORT, N.Y. Arts Festival: *J.B.* Archibald MacLeish's contemporary version of *The Book of Job* is dramatically striking and philosophically provoking as he searches for the brand of faith to sustain modern man in the face of stunning disasters.

MIDDLESEX, N.J. Foothill Playhouse: *The Night of the Iguana* is spent in the heart of the Mexican jungle—and of the

* All times E.D.T.

human condition—by a typically tormented Tennessee Williams quartet. The intensity of the drama is more focused and frightening in its original stage form than in last year's screen version.

GETTYSBURG, PA., Summer Theater: *The Playboy of the Western World* is a timid young Irishman whose moments of rebellion earn him first adulation and then scorn. John Synge's 40-year-old comedy remains an ironic and telling tale.

MIDDLETOWN, VA., Wayside Theater: *The Miracle Worker*. William Gibson's dramatization of the struggle of Annie Sullivan to unlock the mind of the deaf-mute and blind child Helen Keller has become an enduring parable of perseverance and courage.

EVERGREEN PARK, ILL., Drury Lane Theater: *Arms and the Man*. Vintage Shaw only improves with age. His satire on the romantic view of life, love, and glory has almost as much bite today as it did when it first appeared, only a few years after the long-forgotten Serbo-Bulgarian War.

CINEMA

THE FASCIST. Italian history is wryly spoofed in the conflict between a Black-shirt corporal (Ugo Tognazzi) and the droll philosopher (Georges Wilson) whom he must steer through retreating Germans, invading Allies, and other perils common to the peninsula in 1944.

THE KNACK. As the gamin up for grabs in a town house occupied by three offbeat British bachelors, Rita Tushingham shines through the sight gags in Director Richard Lester's (*A Hard Day's Night*) frantic, frequently hilarious version of the New York-London stage hit.

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA. A crew of pirates led by a reprobate captain (Anthony Quinn) falls under the spell of seven seemingly innocent children whose adventures have all the fun and much of the fury of Richard Hughes' quasi-classic tale.

THE COLLECTOR. In Director William Wyler's grisly but somewhat glamorized treatment of the bestseller by John Fowles, a lovely art student (Samantha Eggar) wages a war of nerves against a manic lepidopterist (Terence Stamp) who has arranged to lock her in a dungeon.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. The exploits of pioneer airmen and their flappy craft warm up a daffy, 1910 London-Paris air race and slapstick nostalgia is provided by Gert Frobe, Alberto Sordi and Terry-Thomas.

CAT BALLOU. The funniest if not the fastest gun in the West is Lee Marvin, a double-barreled delight in his portrayals of two desperados, one determined to help and one to hinder the schemes of a pistol-packing schoolmarm (Jane Fonda).

HIGH INFIDELITY. In four zesty episodes, this Italian comedy draws and quarters the subjects of extramarital dalliance, assigning the choicer bits to a jealous wife (Monica Vitti) and a vacationing businessman (Nino Manfredi).

BOOKS

Best Reading

MICHAEL FARADAY, by L. Pearce Williams. Faraday (1791-1867) was, most experts agree, the greatest experimental scientist who ever lived; the first induction of electric current and the first dynamo

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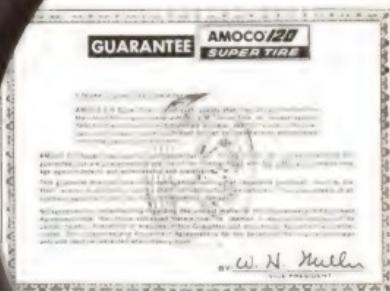
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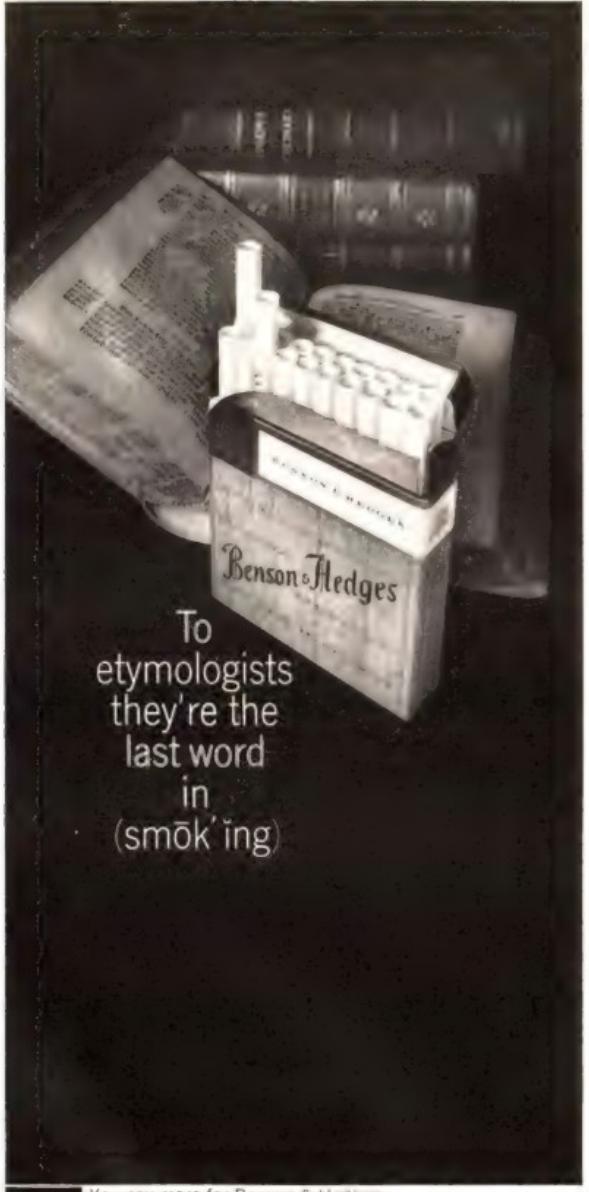


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last word
in
(smōk'ing)

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you get more.



are among his achievements. In this excellent biography, Author Williams shows how Faraday's almost limitless intelligence emerges and finally flourishes, with only a Sunday-school education and no usable mathematics whatever.

THE CAREFUL WRITER, by Theodore M. Bernstein. A compendium of grammatical gaffes—everyday and esoteric—that is a reference book and an entertaining bushwhack on basic English. It will grow wings on any fledgling grammarian gadfly.

LET ME COUNT THE WAYS, by Peter De Vries. Another painfully funny novel, this one about a Polish piano mover in the Midwest, by a writer who can play the clown and Hamlet too.

INTERN, by Doctor X. At the end of each 20-hour day that he spent as an intern in a metropolitan hospital, Doctor X wearily logged every last event into a tape recorder. The result is as remote and fascinating as an anthropologist's field report, as immediate and authentic as a skilled eyewitness account.

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1964, by Theodore H. White. The author's reporting skills are partly wasted on an election notably lacking in excitement or color. But the reader is rewarded with all the hot-line conversations and every last ravel in the G.O.P. skeave of care.

MUSTANGS AND COW HORSES, edited by I. Frank Dobie, Mody C. Boatwright and Harry H. Ransom. Authentic writing about the prairie of the 1840s when huge herds of swift, hardy mustangs had the run of the great plains. Then, in one brutal decade, they were tamed or killed in the frontiersmen's surge to the Rockies.

BOY GRAVELY, by Iris Dorfman. A novel written by a musician about a slum boy who composes an electronic symphony from the sounds he has heard all his life and finally gets to hear it performed in the Hollywood Bowl. In telling about this unlikely hero, the author delineates the terrible disease and destiny that is genius.

THE MEMOIRS OF PANCHO VILLA, by Martin Luis Guzman. Long a confidant of Villa, Guzman has assembled the story of his life. There are gaps, but this is close to the definitive biography of the fiery Mexican leader who died an illiterate 42 years ago.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (2)
3. *Hotel*, Hailev (4)
4. *The Green Berets*, Moore (6)
5. *The Ambassador*, West (3)
6. *Don't Stop the Carnival*, Wouk (5)
7. *The Looking Glass War*, Le Carré
8. *Night of the Coma*, David, Knebel (7)
9. *The Flight of the Falcon*, Du Maurier (8)
10. *A Pillar of Iron*, Caldwell (9)

NONFICTION

1. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (3)
2. *Is Paris Burning?*, Collins and Lapierre (4)
3. *Markings*, Hammarskjöld (1)
4. *The Oxford History of the American People*, Mitrione (2)
5. *Journal of a Soul*, Pope John XXIII (5)
6. *Intern, Doctor X*
7. *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, McGinley (9)
8. *Queen Victoria*, Longford (8)
9. *Games People Play*, Berne (10)
10. *The Italians*, Barzini (7)

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TIME, JULY 30, 1965

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LETTERS

The Loss of Stevenson

Sir: It was fitting that when Adlai Stevenson met his death [July 23], America was making world history with its Mariner conquest of Mars. It was fitting because Stevenson believed in man; he knew that there was nothing man could not do from the vilest destruction to the most inspiring creativity. But it was his hope that America would be a leader in the latter.

(REP.) PATRICK W. NEE

Statehouse
Boston

Sir: Stevenson calmed the tempests rather than cursed the elements.

WILSON M. BALZ

Bloomington, Ill.

Sir: Stevenson's loss is immeasurably great for the U.S. and for the U.N. The admiration and love that he was given outside our country were earned through his intellectual breadth, his human warmth and spontaneous wit. I spend more time out of the U.S. than in it on my concert tours, and I was able to point to Mr. Stevenson as an American with profound understanding of world problems, with agreement from people of all countries. He saw to the core of life with a sensitivity rare in a person in public, political life—and it was this sensitivity that reached the universal heart everywhere.

RONALYN TURECK

Amagansett, N.Y.

Sir: I feel a sense of personal loss at the death of Adlai Stevenson. His speeches were classics, and his kindly voice reached us even here.

J. H. YOUNG

Nukualofa, Tonga

Mariner IV

Sir: My enjoyment of your Mariner cover story [July 23] was somewhat curtailed by the implication that "science fictioners" are not authors of serious literary works. Men like A. E. Van Vogt, Poul Anderson and Isaac Asimov are respected as writers of fact as well as fiction. The thought that these men picture life on Mars as "little green men with floppy antennae sprouting out of little green heads" is at once ridiculous and laughable.

WARREN F. TAYLOR JR.

Washington, D.C.

Sir: I used to know left from right. In the old days, I would have said that somebody had flopped the negatives of the pictures of Mars's surface in your fine cover article. The computer age seems to be changing most of our other concepts, however, so perhaps it has changed right and left as well.

JOHN L. BRIGGS JR.

New York City

► Unlike some caption writers, Reader Briggs knows left from right, all right.

Sir: Was this trip necessary?

SAM ROSEY

San Francisco

Race for the Bomb

Sir: Nuclear proliferation cannot be controlled unless the smaller atomic nations surrender a good deal of sovereignty, which is unlikely. Unless a disarmament solution including China can be worked

out, the best hope for the security of our nation and the world lies in the ideas of Disarmament Director Foster.

ROGER S. BAER

Washington, D.C.

Sir: If it is true that "the superpowers between them have ten tons of nuclear destruction for every being on earth," then we are much closer to Armageddon than many of us realize.

QUENTIN O. NOLTE

Chicago

The Man in Hanoi

Sir: Your cover story on Ho Chi Minh [July 16] is a shocking distortion of history. Your article says that after two months of haggling, "Ho suddenly agreed to a *modus vivendi*," the Chinese would leave Viet Nam, but there would be no independence. France promised to explore the possibilities. That was hardly what Ho wanted, and Giap's army took to the hills to begin the eight-year guerrilla war." Actually the French had concluded an agreement directly with the Nationalist Chinese that provided for their withdrawal from North Viet Nam. As for the agreement Ho concluded with the French at Hanoi, it clearly stipulated: "The French Government recognizes the Republic of Viet Nam as a free state having its own government, its own parliament, its own army and finances." Ho was satisfied with this arrangement. It was the French who broke that agreement.

LAWRENCE H. BATISTINI

Department of Social Science,

Michigan State University

East Lansing, Mich.

► Reader Battistini correctly points out that Chinese withdrawal and Vietnamese nationhood were negotiated separately. Whether Ho was really satisfied with an "independence" that left foreign policy in French hands and 15,000 French troops on Vietnamese soil remains debatable.

Sir: You forgot to mention Uncle Ho's visit to Uncle Sam. After leaving Great Britain before World War II, Ho Chi Minh came to America. While in Harlem, he claims to have learned about "the cruelties of Yankee capitalism and Negro lynching."

ALBERT B. FINK JR.

Lawrence, Kans.

Sir: One day China's nuclear power will force us to concede the countries we now fight for. Thus we should either prepare to destroy China's industrial and military

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16]. Your objectivity is an encouraging contrast to the frequent emotional and sophomoric treatments of this grave issue.

MATHEW O. TORKNER
Associate Justice
Supreme Court of California
San Francisco

God, Sir!

Sir: Your cover story on Race Driver Jim Clark [July 9] says that "in the early days, British motorists had to be preceded by men on foot carrying their approach." Nonsense. Up to 1896, mechanically propelled vehicles had to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag, neither to exceed 4 m.p.h. I have seen steam rollers moving at 3 m.p.h. with a man walking in front with the flag (I am 83). On Nov. 14, 1896, the speed permitted was increased to 12 m.p.h. To celebrate, a run was organized from London to Brighton for a collection of motor vehicles, German, French, British and American, to the number of about a score, the distance being 52 miles.

EDWARD H. LIVESAY
Victoria, B.C.

Jack the Giant Builder

Sir: Re Jack Valenti's speech in Boston [July 9]: Is it really true that L.B.J. ghotswrites for Jack? (MRS.) LAURA HAGANS
Madera, Calif.

Y, Of Course

Sir: Let us hope that Unknown Typist Joan Sutherland left Sidney [July 23] for some reason other than that she could spell no better than Time. Blimey, blokes, call it Sidney just once, can't you?

ARNOLD S. LOTT
United States Naval Institute
Annapolis, Md.

► Sure, cobber. See "Manning the Outpost," Time, July 9.

Artzybasheff Lamented

Sir: I was deeply sorry to hear of Boris Artzybasheff's death [July 23]. His artistic integrity was rare and outstanding. He was the finest craftsman of our time, highly imaginative, most original in his concepts. The gap Artzy left may never be filled; he will be long remembered.

ERNEST HAMLIN BAKER
Hendersonville, N.C.

Sir: May I suggest that Time Inc. publish a book of Artzybasheff covers to perpetuate the works of this great artist? JAN S. IRVINE

Lyme, Conn.

The Horse Latitudes

Sir: Filmways' Mr. Ed is not only a talking horse but an avid reader, which is why our palomino TV star flipped his haikumore after hoofing through Time [July 23]. Whoever researched your story got a tip from a poor tout. Mr. Ed will indeed run for his fifth season on CBS-TV.

ARTHUR LUBIN
Mr. Ed's Producer-Director
Hollywood

Sir: TIME reports [July 16] that Kelso "had his own water supply (Vichy, imported from Arkansas)." Arkansas has no Vichy. Arkansas does have Mountain Valley Water, which we've been delivering to Kelso through his live "horse of the

year" campaigns and right to this minute. Other thoroughbred drinkers include Bold Ruler, Sword Dancer, Nashua, Round Table, Gallant Man, and, going back, Gallant Fox, Bimelech, Challedon, Bubbling Over, Black Toney, Johnstown and Omaha. Kelso has consumed more Mountain Valley than any other living being.

JOHN G. SCOTT
President

Mountain Valley Water
New York City

No Bull

Sir: Two sea cows failed to reproduce, you say [July 16]. Try adding a bull. MAX BLUMER
Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution
Woods Hole, Mass.

► Whether it's a he-cow or a she-cow, a sea cow is a sea cow.

Fairs for the Future

Sir: TIME's piece on fairs [July 16] misses an essential point. Knowing both Seattle's success and New York's bust, I would like to note that most Seattle construction was permanent, leaving a new civic-cultural center like those planned after the upcoming San Antonio and Miami fairs. Such planning achieves lasting results that would otherwise take a decade or more to achieve. This, not costly temporary borax like that at Moses' fair, is the likely future of world's fairs in the U.S.

ALFRED STERN

Robinson-Stern Associates, Inc.
New York City

Have a Go-Go

Sir: Frugging at the local discothèque [July 16] may be a bit wearing on the old torso, but What a Way to Go-Go! (MRS.) DALIA MILLER

Los Angeles

Sir: All Systems Go-Go!
STEPHEN C. B. ATKINSON
Nantucket, Mass.

Sir: The Alter Ego-Go?
MICHAEL GRUBE
Fairbanks, Alaska

Sir: Dizzy Gillespie's Vertigo-Go?
PALMER TYLER
Miami

Sir: Shakespeare's Iago-Go?
CHARLES & MARY EDWARDS
Racine, Wis.

Sir: Okefenokee's Pugo-Go?
EDWARD E. WENDELL JR.
Seattle

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 30, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 5

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The War Council

Hour after hour for three days last week, President Johnson sat with top military, diplomatic, political and intelligence advisers in an extraordinary council of war.

Occasion for the sessions was the return from a five-day inspection trip to South Viet Nam of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Ambassador-designate Henry Cabot Lodge, and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Earle Wheeler.

During that trip, McNamara received from both South Viet Nam's Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and the U.S. field commander, General William Westmoreland, requests that the number of American troops in Viet Nam, now at about 75,000, be considerably increased. By jet, Jeep and helicopter, McNamara traveled the fighting fronts, talking with U.S. troops and getting on-the-scene briefings. He flew to the aircraft carrier *Independence*, patrolling 80 miles off the Vietnamese coast, watched jet bombers take off to attack North Viet Nam.

He visited the village of Le My, eight miles from the big U.S.-operated airbase at Danang, was told that Le My had been taken from the Viet Cong and turned into a model village. Some 400 Vietnamese who had been living under Viet Cong control have voluntarily moved to Le My.

Bad But Not Black. About to return to the U.S., McNamara told newsmen at Saigon airport that "in many aspects, there has been deterioration since I was here last, 15 months ago." The size of the Viet Cong forces has increased; their rate of operations and the intensity of their attacks have been expanded; their disruption of the lines of communication, both rail and sea and road, is much more extensive; and they have intensified their campaign of terror against the civilian population." He might have added that there is general recognition that even in the last few months the U.S. has made errors in Viet Nam that have resulted in the Viet Cong's gaining territory from which it may be difficult to dislodge them for a long while (*see THE WORLD*).

But, continued McNamara, the "picture is not all black." Behind that statement lay the fact that U.S. air strikes both in South Viet Nam and against North Viet Nam are definitely and visibly having effect. In the ground war, the Viet Cong are taking heavier casualties than the South Vietnamese government troops. Moreover, the Communists presumably know that they cannot

• **THE SIZE OF THE U.S. TROOP COMMITMENT IN VIET NAM.** That it would be increased was taken for granted. Indeed, even before McNamara, Lodge and Wheeler left for Viet Nam, Johnson had told associates that troop increases "of substantial proportions" would be required. Still open to question was just how many men might be needed and, outside the Cabinet Room, guesses ranged from 150,000 to 250,000 by the end of this year.

• **THE POSSIBLE CALL-UP OF U.S. RESERVE AND NATIONAL GUARD UNITS** President Johnson could hardly have forgotten the outcry that came after John Kennedy activated two National Guard divisions during the 1961 Berlin crisis; as it turned out, the divisions were not militarily ready, and had probably not been needed in the first place. Johnson, who certainly does not care to make any such mistakes, has been understandably cautious. But he was being urged to call up at least two "top priority" Guard divisions to fill the service pipeline. Also discussed: extension of present enlistments and an expanded draft call. If the President made any firm decisions, he kept them to himself last week.

• **THE COST OF THE INCREASED EFFORT** Almost certainly in the works was a request of at least \$2 billion in extra appropriations for fiscal 1966 to meet the cost of the Viet Nam war on which the U.S. already is spending \$1.3 billion a year.

Also a Worry. The White House meetings ranged over scores of questions besides these. At times, as many as 20 people were in the Cabinet Room. The cast of characters changed according to the particular question being considered. At one point, the President talked by telephone with Dwight Eisenhower, filled him in on the talks.

Throughout the week, Johnson fired question after question—by actual count, more than 100 during a single two-hour period—at his advisers. He asked military men to comment on political questions and political advisers to comment on military matters. He was especially interested in finding out from McNamara about the Viet Cong guerrillas. What are they like? How is their morale? What kind of intelligence information is the U.S. getting from prisoners? Many times the President referred



WOUNDED G.I. IN VIET NAM
A high price rising higher.

achieve real victory until they occupy South Viet Nam's important population centers, and to do that, they must operate as large units. Yet any such move from terrorism and guerrilla warfare would render them vulnerable to superior American and South Vietnamese firepower.

Back in Washington only two hours, McNamara got an 8 a.m. phone call from President Johnson, who wanted his impressions about "some of the more obvious questions about Viet Nam." The President told him to organize his notes and send them to the White House for a quick reading before the first of the war-council sessions, scheduled for later that morning.

Among the major matters reviewed and discussed during the White House meetings that followed for the rest of the week:



CONFEREES IN THE CABINET ROOM (FROM McGEORGE BUNDY, LEFT, TO McNAMARA, RIGHT)

From hundreds of questions on scores of issues, one affirmative answer.

to maps and photographs showing damage both inflicted by and suffered by U.S. forces. The matter of casualties came up time and time again. One adviser expressed concern about the fact that casualty figures will grow. Replied the President: "The 48 men we lost last week already are a worry to me."

Details of the decisions arising from the war council would not be known until this week, when Johnson was expected to announce them on television. But he was clearly determined to provide an affirmative answer to the question he recently posed in remarks to a visitor. Said he: "The Communists are pouring more men in all the time. They've suffered their greatest losses. The big question that we are faced with is whether the United States is doing what it ought to do."

THE PRESIDENCY

Salt Water & Sympathy

Lyndon Johnson of the Texas hills knows water's value and drought's pain. "In my country," he said as he signed the Water Resources Planning Act last week, "sometimes you can't get a glass of water even out of the rivers—much less out of the restaurants."

Passing out souvenir pens by the passel, Johnson explained that he had hastened to sign the bill "because we just cannot overemphasize and we cannot over dramatize and we cannot over-react to this nation's growing problem of water supply." He used the northeastern drought as an example of how bad things can get, said the long-term goal must be the "drought-proofing" of metropolitan areas by desalinating sea water (see U.S. BUSINESS).

But large-scale desalination and other projects that may grow out of cooperative federal-state planning under the new law—which provides matching grants to states over ten years—will

not produce results for years. Meanwhile, Johnson promised federal help to parched regions. Then he produced a report from his Water Resources Council, which contained the grim reminder that "the most immediate, lowest cost solution to a rapidly dwindling supply is drastically curtailed consumption."

Last week the President also:

- Received a commemorative copy of a new book (*Magna Carta*, by Oxford University Professor James C. Holt) from Sir Patrick Dean, the British ambassador, and took the occasion to Lyndon-ize history: "The Magna Carta has always meant much to all Americans. The success of the lords who, shall we say, reasoned together with King John 750 years ago inspired the Americans who tried the same on King George III 189 years ago from Philadelphia. The outcome was good or bad—depending on the point of view."

- Announced his intention to establish a United Nations fellowship program in memory of Adlai Stevenson. Details are lacking, but broad-brush plans call for recruitment of young people from U.N. member countries to "intern" in U.N. agencies. The program is similar to the White House fellowships, awarded this year for the first time to 15 young Americans who in September will begin to work in Washington.

- Signed the Silver Coinage Act, which he requested of Congress seven weeks earlier because of the worldwide shortage of silver. This first fundamental change in coinage in 173 years will soon take all silver out of new dimes and quarters, reduce the silver content of new 50¢ pieces from 90% to 40%. The President warned against hoarding the remaining silver money for speculation. An estimated 12 billion silver coins will remain in circulation, he said, and another billion will flow from the mints before the changeover occurs.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Disenchantment with State

In the memoirs busting out all over about life under John Kennedy, last week's crop was mostly devoted to a re-examination of the Bay of Pigs fiasco (see TIME ESSAY). But in LIFE magazine this week, Historian Arthur Schlesinger moves on to discuss another facet of the New Frontier—the President's disenchantment with the State Department.

"Damn it," Kennedy would complain to Jacqueline, according to Schlesinger, "[McGeorge] Bundy and I get more done in one day at the White House than they do in six months in the State Department." The President was impatient with the department's smothering bureaucracy, angered at its unimaginative approach to foreign policy, irritated by its pedantic literary style. Once in 1963 after receiving a draft for a congressional message about a National Academy of Foreign Affairs, Kennedy bounced it with these comments: "...This is only the latest and worst of a long number of drafts sent here for presidential signature. At the very least, each message should be (a) in English, (b) clear and trenchant in its style, (c) logical in its structure and (d) devoid of gobbledegook. The State Department draft on the academy failed each one of these tests (including, in my view, the first)."

But the State Department remained pretty much unchanged by Kennedy's efforts. Writes Schlesinger: "Kennedy used to divert himself with the dream of establishing a secret office of 30 people or so to run foreign policy while maintaining the State Department as a facade in which people might carry papers from bureau to bureau."

The President also became increasingly exasperated by the performance of Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Says

Schlesinger: "At White House conferences Rusk would sit calmly by, with his Buddhalike face and his half-smile, often leaving it to Bundy or to the President himself to assert the diplomatic interest. He rarely seemed to have strong views as to what should be done beyond continuing what we were already doing, and he rarely argued a position." Kennedy, says Schlesinger, was "impressed by Rusk's capacity to define but grew increasingly depressed by his reluctance to decide."

Once, after he was urged to sack Rusk as Secretary and appoint him Ambassador to the United Nations, Kennedy said sadly, "I can't do that to Rusk; he is such a nice man." Nevertheless, writes Schlesinger, Kennedy finally decided that he would eventually have to install a more dynamic man at State. "By the autumn of 1963," says Schlesinger, "the President had reluctantly made up his mind to allow Rusk to leave after the 1964 election and to seek a new Secretary of State."

THE ADMINISTRATION

New Man at the U.N.

Within hours after Adlai Stevenson's death, President Johnson asked his advisers to begin compiling a list of candidates for the U.N. ambassador's post. Names were submitted by the dozen. But almost from the first, the President knew whom he wanted: Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg, 56, former Secretary of Labor, who is short on foreign-affairs experience but impressively long on practice in the rough-and-tumble diplomacy of labor negotiations.

"Very Troubled." Getting Goldberg to step down from the Supreme Court was easier said than done, and the President started with his softest sell. By coincidence, Goldberg already had a White House appointment to bid pre-vacation farewell to Johnson three days after Stevenson died. While they talked, the President probed gently, asked Goldberg for his recommendations for Adlai's replacement, spoke about the importance of the U.N. job. When Goldberg left the White House, he had no notion that he was under Presidential consideration.

Two days later, when Johnson flew to Bloomington, Ill., for Stevenson's burial, Goldberg was invited to ride along with the presidential party on Air Force One. Again, during the flight from Washington and back, the two talked at length about the U.N. job. Again, the President did not ask the obvious question, but Goldberg got the drift. "I was very troubled," he said later. That night Johnson phoned the Justice at George Washington University Hospital, where Goldberg was visiting his ailing mother-in-law, and finally made the offer. Goldberg begged, told the President that he did not think he was the best man for the job; that he was not sure he should leave the court. Johnson asked him to consider it overnight, and the next morning the President phoned again.

Reluctantly, Goldberg said he would take the U.N. post if Johnson really wanted him. "I want you," snapped the President. "Bring Mrs. Goldberg right over to the office."

When they arrived, both Goldberg and his wife seemed disturbed by the turn of events, but the President told them: "When a Southerner can sit in the White House, when a Negro can aspire to the highest offices in the land, when a man of deep Jewish background can be the spokesman of this country to the world—that's what America is all about."

Then the President went into the Rose Garden for a routine ceremony. That done, he went back to the White House, shouting over his shoulder to reporters, "I'll be back in a moment." He returned with Goldberg, his wife and son, Robert, 24, in tow. The President briskly told reporters that Goldberg was his man for the U.N. Then, as his wife stood by, her eyes sad, Arthur Goldberg made a moving acceptance speech. "I shall not, Mr. Pres-

tainty of the United Nations." Among other things, Goldberg's move entails a salary cut—from \$39,000 on the court to \$30,000 as ambassador—although the U.N. post carries such perquisites as an embassy apartment in the Waldorf Towers (\$33,000 annual rent), a limousine and a big expense account.

But Arthur Goldberg is first and foremost an activist—a man who thinks on his feet, enjoys the storm centers of conflict. Less than a year after President Kennedy had named him to replace the late Felix Frankfurter, ex-labor Secretary Goldberg said a bit wistfully: "The Secretary's phone never stops ringing. The Justice's phone never rings—even his best friends won't call him."

Vigor, Strength & Anger. The son of Jewish emigrants who had fled czarist Russia, Goldberg grew up in poverty: his father used a wagon drawn by a blind horse to cart produce. Arthur went to Northwestern University Law School, where in 1930 he got a doctorate in jurisprudence and ranked No. 1 in his class. He got into the rugged world of labor law, in 1948 became general counsel for the C.I.O. and the United Steelworkers, helped plan the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger. On Capitol Hill he met John Kennedy; they became good friends. Later Goldberg became one of Kennedy's most trusted associates.

As a Supreme Court Justice, Goldberg has been ardently liberal—always favoring the fullest use of the court's power in behalf of civil rights and civil liberties, willing to override a state law, a congressional act or a previous court ruling if he felt that they encroached on an individual's constitutional rights. He was an insistent, spirited questioner of lawyers arguing before the bench.

Although Goldberg's background bears little similarity to his predecessors'—Edward Stettinius, Warren Austin, Henry Cabot Lodge, Adlai Stevenson—all of whom were well-versed in foreign affairs before they went to the U.N., it seemed little cause for concern. Arthur Goldberg once said of the art of collective bargaining: "The main thing you must have is the ability to realize there are two sides to the story, and so to be generally calm and courteous in the handling of people in inflamed situations, but at the same time not to relinquish the position of leadership, which on occasion will require the calmness and courtesy to be submerged in a show of vigor and strength, and even anger."

No one could ask more than that of the U.S.'s new man at the U.N., and as week's end the Senate quickly gave unanimous consent to Goldberg's appointment. Quite clearly President Johnson's immediate aim in naming Goldberg was to put his negotiation skills to



GOLDBERGS AT PRESS CONFERENCE
From a silent phone, insistence.

ident, conceal the pain with which I leave the court after three years of service. It has been the richest and most satisfying period of my career," he said. "Throughout my life I have been deeply committed to the rule of law. The law gives form and substance to the spirit of liberty and to mankind's sacred stir for justice. It now comes that the President has asked me to join in the greatest adventure of man's history—the effort to bring the rule of law to govern the relations between sovereign states. It is that or doom—and we all know it. I have accepted—as one simply must."

After the initial surprise wore off, Goldberg's selection was widely applauded. More difficult to understand was why Goldberg had agreed to leave his lifetime job in the calm prominence of the court for the turmoil and uncer-

tainity of the United Nations. Among other things, Goldberg's move entails a salary cut—from \$39,000 on the court to \$30,000 as ambassador—although the U.N. post carries such perquisites as an embassy apartment in the Waldorf Towers (\$33,000 annual rent), a limousine and a big expense account.

work toward solving the U.N.'s crippling financial crisis—caused largely by the Soviet Union's refusal to pay its part of the U.N.'s peace-keeping costs. Last week Goldberg said that he was well aware of "the gravity of the constitutional crisis facing the U.N." Then he added determinedly: "I share the conviction of the citizens of this country that that crisis must be resolved and the U.N. must go forward."

THE CONGRESS

The Freshman Class

That Votes Like a Bloc

At a party caucus just before the opening of the 89th Congress, Ohio's veteran Representative Mike Kirwan had some words of wisdom for freshman Democratic Congressmen. "Just

► 58 to 0 for the \$1.3 billion education bill. House vote: 263 to 153.

► 57 to 1 against a Republican attempt to recommit medicare. House vote: 236 to 191.

► 58 to 0 against recommitment of the voting-rights bill. House vote: 248 to 171.

► 50 to 6 against efforts to drop the controversial rent-subsidy provision from the Administration's \$5.3 billion housing bill. House vote: 208 to 202.

For this record, senior Democrats are generous in their praise of the freshmen. "They're the reason we're doing so well." "They're the difference," says Majority Leader Carl Albert. And the gratitude takes tangible forms. Vice President Hubert Humphrey meets with the freshmen every three weeks, gives them all manner of political advice. Ex-

Raising Anti-Poverty's Ante

Experimental, controversial, and only nine months old, President Johnson's anti-poverty program is also about to get stronger and richer. Last week the House of Representatives passed and sent to the Senate an anti-poverty authorization bill of \$1.9 billion for the current fiscal year. This was \$400 million more than the original Administration request and \$1.1 billion above the appropriation for the nine months that ended June 30. Further, the new bill gives Anti-Poverty Chief Sargent Shriver the right to reverse a Governor's veto of federal decisions to place certain types of projects in the Governor's state.

Marked Deck. Some Republicans and a handful of Democrats repeatedly lost bids to amend the authorization downward and impose administrative restrictions. Amendment after amendment went down in voice votes. The opposition came close only once, on the issue of the Governor's veto, when it lost a teller vote 155 to 150. Still, there were some lively protests.

California Republican H. Allen Smith called the program a "monstrous boondoggle" that was being increased although there had been no "meaningful evaluation" of it. Ohio Republican William Ayres chided the Administration for keeping Shriver as head of both the domestic Office of Economic Opportunity and the foreign Peace Corps. Said Ayres: "We are now asked to double the appropriation and still retain a half-time director." Pennsylvania Democrat John Dent liked the program's aims but charged both Republican and Democratic Governors with using the program for political purposes—"both in the same poker game, and both have the same marked deck." New Jersey Republican Peter Frelinghuysen taunted Democrats about difficulties at some OEO centers (*TIME*, July 16). "Many mistakes have been made," Frelinghuysen said, "yet we try to brush them under the rug. This program does not deserve an additional penny."

Positive Thinking. Harlen's Adam Clayton Powell, chairman of the Education and Labor Committee that had expanded and reported the bill, spoke from personal experience when he observed that "social-welfare power struggles, political friction and public controversy have been spawned." But, Powell claimed extravagantly, the program already had "uplifted and given new hope" to 3,000,000 people who had been "drifting aimlessly through shabby lives." John Lindsay, the Republican mayoral candidate in New York, also acknowledged problems. Then he said: "I think we should look at this rather affirmatively—we should look at the good that these programs are doing for human beings rather than condemn the entire noble effort because it falls short of immediate perfection."

As the debate went into its second day, the House leadership tried to cut



INDIANA'S HAMILTON



HAWAII'S MINK



OKLAHOMA'S JOHNSON

Use the franking privilege—and let Lyndon run the war.

follow the leader," said Kirwan, "and use your franking privilege. It's free."

The freshmen have followed that advice—and, with the exception of seven Southern Congressmen who owe their allegiance elsewhere, their fidelity to the programs of their party leader, Lyndon Johnson, has established them as just about the soldest voting bloc in Congress. The 58 non-Southern-bloc freshman Democrats differ greatly. Oklahoma's Jed Johnson is 25, while Iowa's John Hansen is the oldest at 63. Wisconsin's John Race is a machinist and New York's James Hanley is a mortician. California's John V. Tunney, son of the ex-heavyweight boxing champion, is a muscular 205-pounder; and Hawaii's Patsy Mink, the prettiest of the lot, is a petite 5 ft. 1. But they have one thing in common: all are in President Johnson's political debt. Explains Indiana's Lee Hamilton: "The President's election and immense popularity helped me get elected. In a sense, we're all tied to him."

"The Difference." Last week the freshmen voted 54 to 0 for an increased authorization for President Johnson's anti-poverty program. The freshman countdown on previous key votes:

- 54 to 3 for the \$1.1 billion aid-to-Appalachia program. The total House vote: 257 to 165.

ample: If they don't agree with U.S. policy in Viet Nam, just "nod or grunt" to constituents, but let Lyndon run the war. House seminars are held to advise the freshmen about organizing and staffing their office. Photographers are provided to take their pictures for home distribution. The departments of government are under instructions to notify each freshman Congressman about announcements dealing with his district, so he can get local credit for them.

Dial 333-8260. The Democratic National Committee has been particularly helpful—even to the point of providing plane tickets for fence-mending trips back home. And, in a system set up for the freshmen, by dialing 333-8260, a Congressman can get a special National Committee phone. Through it, he can dictate onto tape any announcement or statement he wants to make. Then the committee sends the tape to radio stations in the Congressman's district.

Fact is, most of the freshmen may need all such help they can get. Most of them come from marginal districts, or normally Republican districts that went Democratic only in Lyndon's landslide. Next year, with Johnson absent from the ticket, things may be different. Says a top Administration official: "We'll be performing a major miracle if we can re-elect 75% of them."

it off. Republicans resisted the rush tactics, and even a Democrat, Paul Jones of Missouri, cried: "This is the damnedest thing I've seen in all my life." He shouted at his fellow Democrats: "Some of you should be ashamed to call yourselves legislators." The opponents gained more talking time, but it did them no good. The final vote on the authorization was 245 to 158.

Work Done

Last week the Congress also:

► Approved, by a Senate vote of 69 to 17, the revival of some of the benefits enjoyed by service veterans of World War II and the Korean War. The new measure would give educational allowances and housing assistance to those who have served at least six months since the last G.I. bill lapsed on Jan. 31, 1955. Some 5,000,000 already would be eligible under the new bill. Opposed by the Administration, the bill would cost an estimated \$1.9 billion through 1970. It now goes to the House.

► Voted, 410 to 0 in the House, for a \$1 billion pay increase for the four military services, the Coast Guard and Public Health Service personnel. The amount is more than twice that recommended—or wanted—by the White House and the Pentagon. It is expected that the Senate will bring the pay raise closer to the Administration proposal, and that ultimately there will be a compromise between the average increase of 10.7% voted by the House and the 4.7% sought by the Administration.

► Prepared, in the Senate, for a tough fight over a proposed constitutional amendment that would counteract the Supreme Court's ruling that both houses of state legislatures must be apportioned strictly on a population basis. Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen has been battling for an amendment to allow one house to be apportioned on factors other than population, such as counties. Last week Dirksen prevented a vote in the Senate Judiciary Committee because the best he could have got was an eight-eight tie—which would have prevented a favorable report to the floor. After declaring "I am a determined man, I am playing for keeps," Dirksen sought to outflank the committee. He offered his amendment as a substitute for an unrelated measure—the designation of Aug. 31-Sept. 6 as National American Legion Baseball Week. He vowed: "If I get licked this time, I'll be here to hook it on any bill that comes before the Senate." His Democratic colleague from Illinois, Paul Douglas, pledged for the opposition: "We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer, all fall and all year." And Congress, of course, had been yearning for early adjournment.

► Passed, by a Senate voice vote, a bill making it a federal crime punishable by death to kill a President, Vice President, or in the absence of a Vice President, the person next in line to succeed the President.

The bill also makes it a federal crime to kidnap, assault and conspire to murder, abduct or injure any of these officials. The Warren Commission urged such legislation in its report on the assassination of President Kennedy. If Lee Harvey Oswald had lived, he could only have been tried under state law in Texas. The House has passed a similar bill and will now consider minor differences in the Senate measure.

► Renewed, by a Senate vote of 63 to 29, efforts to give the District of Columbia self-government. Congress presently controls the district's purse strings and exercises most other power, although the President appoints the District Board of Commissioners. Previous efforts to give the 800,000 Washington-



REAGAN & WIFE SEEKING OUT SENTIMENT

Up to maximum freedom—or down to the ant heap.

ans control of their schools, police and other local services have died in the House District Committee. This year, however, under pressure from the Administration, the House may give the district the right to elect a mayor, city council and school board, and to set its own local taxes.

► Passed, by a Senate voice vote, an Administration plan to spend \$90 million to develop and test high-speed, intercity rail facilities. If approved by the House, the three-year program is expected to be applied first in the congested corridor between Washington and Boston. The idea is to discover whether an appreciable part of the traveling public will leave the highways in favor of comfortable, modern trains that make frequent runs at speeds of between 100 and 150 miles an hour.

► Expressed, in the form of a resolution by the Senate Democratic Conference, the wish that Hubert Humphrey spend more time presiding over Senate sessions, as the Constitution says a Vice President should, and less time doing chores for the President. To this, exuberant Hubert remarked: "They want me around because they love me so much."

REPUBLICANS

Stage to Sacramento?

Near the end of the 1964 presidential campaign, veteran Actor Ronald Reagan, co-chairman of the Goldwater forces in California, appeared over national television and delivered a 30-minute speech. In it, Reagan served up some uncompromising conservative logic, plus a devastating denunciation of the welfare state, G.O.P. me-tooism, and Communism's appeasement. At the same time, he provided just about the only dramatic moments in the whole, dreary Goldwater campaign.

"For almost two centuries we have proved man's capacity for self-government," Reagan said, "but today we are

FREDERIC J. STONE

told we must choose between a left and right or, as others suggest, a third alternative, a kind of safe middle ground. I suggest to you there is no left or right, only an up or down. Up to the maximum of individual freedom consistent with law and order, or down to the ant heap of totalitarianism.

"Already the hour is late. Government has laid its hand on health, housing, farming, industry, commerce, education, and to an ever-increasing degree interferes with the people's right to know. Government tends to grow. Government programs take on weight and momentum."

Reagan suggested that "either we accept the responsibility for our own destiny or we abandon the American Revolution." As for Communism abroad, he argued: "The specter our well-meaning liberal friends refuse to face is that their policy of accommodation is appeasement, and appeasement does not give you a choice between peace and war, only between fight or surrender." He concluded with a ringing call to responsibility. "Should Moses have told the children of Israel to live in slavery under the Pharaohs? Should Christ have refused the cross? Should the patriots



PHOTO BY ROBERT KAPLAN

CALIFORNIA'S KUCHEL
Quandary for a moderate.

at Concord Bridge have thrown down their guns . . ."

Off & Running. The speech brought an estimated \$750,000 in campaign contributions, was rebroadcast by state G.O.P. leaders, and, for Reagan, resulted in a flood of speaking invitations that still average around 100 a week and come from all parts of the U.S.

As of last week, Ronald Reagan, 54, was off and running for Governor of California. The boyishly handsome good guy in some two-score movies (*King's Row*, *Accidents Will Happen*), and more lately the host and sometimes hero of TV's *Death Valley Days*, Reagan, away from the floodlights, has long been politically concerned. As president of the Screen Actors Guild in the late '40s, he helped block a Communist attempt to take over Hollywood's trade unions. In 1959, when 20th Century-Fox laid on a feast for the visiting Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev, Reagan refused to attend.

Yet Reagan had never run for political office. This year, perhaps inspired by Actor George Murphy's successful 1964 G.O.P. campaign for U.S. Senator, Reagan set his sights on California's Republican gubernatorial primary next June. He has not yet officially declared, says that he is merely testing sentiment. To that end, he barnstormed through northern California last week by auto (he never flies). He has already hired the Los Angeles political management firm of Spencer-Roberts & Associates, which has handled some of the state's top Republican candidates, is busy building a statewide organization. One thousand persons have contributed to a "Friends of Ronald Reagan" committee.

Near Panic. Reagan's race has touched off near panic among supporters of the state's moderate Republican leader, Senator Thomas Kuchel. One of Kuchel's followers, Los Angeles Congressman Alphonzo Bell, is telephoning businessmen, urging them to abandon Reagan on grounds that his nomination would drive moderate Republicans into helping re-elect Democratic Governor Edmund G. Brown. The G.O.P. moderates are also attempting to persuade

Kuchel, 54, to oppose the actor. However, Kuchel is reluctant to leave the Senate for a try at the Sacramento statehouse, has not made up his mind. "I'm in a quandary," Kuchel confesses. "I wake up in the middle of the night wondering about this."

Last week Kuchel got some ingenuous advice from none other than Democrat Pat Brown. During a Washington visit, the Governor mourned that it would be "a real tragedy" for California to lose Kuchel from the Senate "and have a freshman Senator [Murphy] representing California in Washington." Brown pointed to Kuchel's twelve years of seniority and expertise "in water problems and other fields." Said Brown: "I have tremendous respect for Senator Kuchel. We've worked closely as a team. But if he becomes my opponent, my respect for him will diminish." The Governor conceded that he had not bothered to discuss his suggestions with Kuchel, explaining, "I hoped he would read it in the newspapers."

INVESTIGATIONS

Your Friendly Tax Collector

Internal Revenue Commissioner Sheldon Cohen recently seemed downright sheepish when he publicly admitted that some of his Service's agents used wiretaps and even more sophisticated instruments of snooping to get evidence against tax dodgers, both real and imagined. "Neither I nor my closest assistants knew until quite recently of departures from the Service's prescribed policies," he told Missouri Democrat Edward V. Long, chairman of a Senate Judiciary subcommittee investigating federal encroachments on citizens' privacy. Cohen promised to right any injustices, then said of his agents: "While we must temper their zeal with controlled judgment, we cannot categorically deprive them of tools and training with legitimate, exemplary uses."

Watching the Sunbather. Last week, as the Long subcommittee continued its hearings, it became clear that since 1961, when Attorney General Robert Kennedy launched his great federal anti-crime drive, some IRS men had operated with untempered zeal—and had certainly not lacked tools for poking into peoples' private affairs.

Take, for example, former Boston Agent John W. Harris, who served for 16 years with the IRS before he became one of some 100 agents indicted for bribery over the past two years. Harris told the subcommittee that in 1963 his unit suspected a Milton, Mass., tavern owner named Bernard McGarry of tax evasion, and that for six weeks IRS men watched McGarry's house with "sniperscopes"—a World War II vintage infra-red telescope that allows an observer to see 175 yds. in the dark, and "snooperscopes," a smaller version with a range of 30 yds. Harris said that IRS men were certain McGarry had a vault in the basement. They finally decided to open it, with or without permission. If they found a large amount of cash in the vault, that might help prove that McGarry was making more money than he claimed. Harris recalled the afternoon they got their chance: "The sun was still out. Mrs. McGarry was sunning herself. We observed her through binoculars." Eventually, Mrs. McGarry left the premises, and the IRS men went into the house. They found no money. Eventually, the Government brought charges against McGarry, but once the IRS shenanigans were revealed, the case was dropped.

Coast Guard Mosque. Long's hearings revealed many other IRS cloak-and-daggerisms. In Pittsburgh, agents had even electronically bugged the official IRS seal in the Chamber of Commerce building, and put behind the plaque a two-way mirror and a camera. In Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Montgomery and Kansas City, IRS con-



CHAIRMAN LONG WITH SNIPERSCOPE
School for buggers.

ference rooms were equipped with two-way mirrors or hidden microphones so that agents could watch or hear taxpayers and their lawyers while they conversed. In Boston, an IRS agent disguised himself as a Coast Guard petty officer (although it is a federal offense to impersonate a military man) so he could more easily bug an IRS conference room at a Coast Guard base.

As for wiretapping, Pittsburgh IRS officials had an old Bell Telephone Co. truck in 1961, outfitted their agents to look like phone company employees. Cresson O. Davis, a Pittsburgh IRS intelligence expert, admitted to Long's subcommittee that they had used the truck to install wiretaps. Davis said a network was hooked up to the den of his home for four months so he could tune in on three different tapped lines. Pennsylvania law prohibits wiretaps of any kind, but Davis told Long's subcommittee that he had not been aware of that until recently. Anyway, said Davis, "they conducted schools in Washington where our agents were taught to wiretap, to plant microphones, and so forth, so it was my understanding that it was proper practice."

Sure enough, the IRS admitted that it did have a school—the Technical Investigative Aids School—where selected agents could brush up on the latest in electronic devices. One graduate, Boston IRS Agent James J. O'Neill ('61), testified that he had learned to rig telephone wiretaps, to bug automobiles, to operate a wide variety of electronic devices. Included were the Miniphone, a 6-in.-long transmitter that can be concealed within an agent's clothing, and the "Penn register," an 18-in.-long device that is installed on a telephone pole near a suspect's home, then is hooked up to a mobile unit at a later time to coincide with the suspect's phone calls, so that it can record both the phone numbers dialed and the conversations.

O'Neill allowed as how he was also familiar with "burglar tools," and told the subcommittee that in Boston he had once picked a house lock so he could sneak in to install a wiretap. Long gasped, "You mean they also taught you lock picking in Washington?" O'Neill said "Yes."

Of the 26 federal agencies involved in the all-out anti-crime drive begun by Attorney General Kennedy, the IRS has produced the "best" record, accounting for 60% of all convictions to date. Considering its methods, small wonder.

AVIATION

"Flight 901A . . ."

Shortly before noon on March 1, 1964, a four-engine Constellation operated by California's Paradise Airlines smashed into a snow-covered mountain-side near Lake Tahoe on the California-Nevada border. All 85 aboard were killed. Now, after a 16-month investigation of the crash, the Civil Aeronau-



WRECKED PARADISE PLANE NEAR TAHOE

False course to tragedy.

ties Board has released a report finding that if the plane had been flying only 300 ft. higher or 300 yds. to the right, the disaster might have been averted. According to the CAB, the crash was caused by pilot error, sloppy ground maintenance, faulty equipment—and the falsification of a weather report by a Paradise official.

Three days after the smashup, Paradise's operating license was suspended. Later, when the outfit's license expired, the Federal Aviation Agency refused to renew it. At the time of the crash, Paradise Airlines was a two-year-old, scheduled, intrastate California carrier, flying leased planes between Oakland, San Jose and Lake Tahoe. It also had permission to operate charter flights to and from the Tahoe area. The doomed plane, Flight 901A, was a combination chartered and regularly scheduled flight.

"Sticky" Altimeter. During the eight months before the crash, the Constellation's compass system had been reported malfunctioning no fewer than eleven times. The CAB found that at the time the plane hit the mountainside, the compass may have been as much as 15° off. Only the day before, a Paradise pilot who was flying the plane had complained that his altimeter had been "sticky" during descents, remaining stationary for a while, then suddenly registering a 150-ft. to 200-ft. drop. As for the copilot's altimeter, it registered 100 ft. below sea level when the plane was on the ground at sea level.

The night before its last flight, the aircraft and its instruments were serviced—after a fashion. Paradise had no maintenance crews or facilities of its own, farmed out all such work to an FAA-approved Oakland maintenance station with licensed mechanics. The CAB found that the mechanic who worked on the Paradise plane's compass had never before dealt with one like it; moreover, he did not take the

trouble to consult any available technical manuals for guidance. The altimeters were adjusted by another mechanic, who later told CAB investigators that he could not quite recall whether he had tightened a vital screw.

Flying Blind. Thus blinded before it ever left the ground, Flight 901A, piloted by Captain Henry Norris, 45, flew from Oakland to Salinas, where it picked up a party of 18 charter passengers for a one-day trip to the Tahoe casinos. The plane next landed at San Jose, taking aboard 63 more, filling it to its passenger capacity. At the San Jose stopover, Captain Norris received a weather report from the Tahoe Valley Airport. According to the CAB, Paradise's Tahoe station manager, presumably unwilling to turn away a lucrative flight, had changed an official weather report, causing Captain Norris to believe that thin, broken clouds existed in the Tahoe area, where, in fact, there were heavy clouds, snow showers and icing conditions.

Approaching his destination confronted by weather conditions that he had not been led to expect, and flying a plane that was not equipped with de-icing devices, Captain Norris asked for and got permission to climb to 15,000 ft. At 11:21 a.m., he said that he could see the south shore of Lake Tahoe. Eight minutes later, he radioed: "Flight 901A . . ." Then his radio went dead.

The CAB surmised that Norris, finding himself in a blizzard as he started to land, abandoned his authorized approach and headed eastward at 9,000 ft, toward what he hoped would be clear sky. "Then, either because they believed they had sufficient altitude to clear the terrain or because they were unable to climb higher due to structural ice, the aircraft leveled off," said the CAB. "At that time they struck the first trees and were unable to avoid the final impact with the mountain."

BAY OF PIGS REVISITED: Lessons from a Failure

LATE in 1962, White House Aide Theodore C. Sorensen relayed to President John Kennedy a request that a "distinguished author" be allowed to see the files on the U.S.-sponsored Bay of Pigs invasion that had ended in disaster about a year and a half before. Kennedy refused. "This isn't the time," he told Sorensen. "Besides, we want to tell that story ourselves."

Now, apparently, is the time—and two members of Kennedy's White House staff are telling the story themselves. One is Ted Sorensen, whose account forms the first installment in *Look* magazine's serialization of his forthcoming book about Kennedy. The other is Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., whose own book is being serialized by *LIFE*. Their recollections will certainly not be the last; but jointly, and with remarkably few contradictions between them, they do provide the most detailed account to date. What emerges is not only the story of an appalling failure—a failure of preparation, of command and, in the end, of nerve. At a time when U.S. intervention abroad is again a major issue, the story also becomes a classic example of how not to go about the business of intervening.

A Terrible Idea

Sorensen, who was Kennedy's top staff technician both in the Senate and the White House, notes that his account is "limited by the fact that I knew nothing whatever of the operation until after it was over," although subsequently Kennedy poured his heart out to him. Schlesinger, who had left Harvard to become a presidential adviser, says that he considered the whole Bay of Pigs plan to be a "terrible idea" while it was under discussion, and had so told the President in memos and in private conversation.

Both memoirists assign to Kennedy what Sorensen calls "many and serious mistakes." Both admire Kennedy's insistence on bearing the public blame for the fiasco. Sorensen recalls how Kennedy told a news conference the obvious fact that he was "the responsible officer of government," after remarking ruefully: "Victory has a hundred fathers and defeat is an orphan." Yet Sorensen also remembers how, while walking in the White House garden the same day, Kennedy "told me, at times in caustic tones, of some of the other fathers of defeat who had let him down." The "fathers" were the new President's top-level advisers, particularly in the Pentagon and Central Intelligence Agency, most of them Eisenhower Administration holdovers. By the Sorensen-Schlesinger account, these advisers misadvised, misled and misinformed Kennedy. They are even charged with having overawed him. Schlesinger speaks of the "massed and caparisoned authority of his senior officials" and quotes Kennedy as saying after the event: "You always assume that the military and intelligence people have some secret skill not available to ordinary mortals."

In their defense of Kennedy, Sorensen and Schlesinger may have inadvertently done him a disservice—by suggesting how easily he allowed himself to be misled. More important, they call into question the basic decision-making process of American government. For Schlesinger insists that Kennedy was a prisoner of events, surrounded by "a collection of officials prepared to sacrifice the world's growing faith in the new American President in order to defend interests and pursue objectives of their own." And according to Sorensen, the whole Bay of Pigs project "seemed to move mysteriously and inexorably toward execution without either the President's being able to obtain a firm grip on it or reverse it." Still, whatever weaknesses there may have been—or may remain—in government decision-making, there seems nothing wrong with the apparatus that firm leadership at the top cannot cure. The trouble at the time, both chroniclers argue, was the President's newness. He had been in

office only twelve weeks and, writes Sorensen: "He did not fully know the strengths and weaknesses of his various advisers. He had not yet geared the decision-making process to fulfill his own needs, to isolate the points of no return."

Schlesinger and Sorensen stress the fact that early in 1960 President Eisenhower gave a go-ahead to the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency to train, supply and support anti-Castro Cuban exiles in Guatemala. It went without saying that those exiles would eventually strike at Cuba and try to overthrow Castro. Ike crossed no T's and dotted no F's as to the specifics of the plan. In Sorensen's words, Kennedy "inherited the plan, the planners and, most troubling of all, the Cuban exile brigade—an armed force, flying another flag, highly trained in secret Guatemalan bases, eager for one mission only."

Sorensen reports that Kennedy, "when briefed on the operation by the CIA as President-elect in Palm Beach, had been astonished at its magnitude and daring. He told me later on that he had grave doubts from that moment on." Schlesinger also reports that Kennedy was deeply dubious of the whole idea. But at one of the formal meetings that Kennedy held on the subject after he became President, he was persuaded by the plan's advocates that "the simplest thing, after all, might be to let the Cubans [meaning the exiles] go where they yearned to go—to Cuba." He also was not unmindful of what benefits a successful invasion could bring, and in early April all the hot inside talk in Washington was that "the Kennedys would knock off Castro soon."

Trying to Keep It Quiet

Perhaps the most persuasive of the invasion advocates was CIA Director Allen Dulles, who, according to Sorensen, reminded Kennedy of the success of the CIA-sponsored overthrow of a pro-Communist Guatemalan government in 1954. Said Allen Dulles to Kennedy: "I stood right here at Ike's desk and told him I was certain our Guatemalan operation would succeed. And, Mr. President, the prospects for this [Cuban] plan are even better than they were for that one." There was a strong suggestion that Kennedy could not afford to back away from a long-prepared anti-Castro project and appear to be soft on Communism—softer than the Republicans had been. If the Cuban exile brigade were disbanded, it was argued, they would fan out all over Latin America, and explain how the U.S. "had lost its nerve" in the fight against Communism. "Having created the brigade as an option," says Schlesinger, "the CIA now presented its use against Cuba as a necessity." Later, Kennedy told Schlesinger: "I probably made a mistake in keeping Allen Dulles on. It's not that Dulles is not a man of great ability. He is. But I have never worked with him and therefore I can't estimate his meaning when he tells me things . . . Dulles is a legendary figure, and it's hard to operate with legendary figures." Kennedy also said: "I made a mistake in putting Bobby into the Department of Justice. He is wasted there . . . Bobby should be in CIA."

In any event, when the time came, Kennedy approved the proposed invasion. According to Schlesinger, the President strictly stipulated that "the plans be drawn on the basis of no U.S. military intervention." Sorensen recalls that stipulation with slight but highly significant differences. Kennedy, he said, insisted that there be no "direct, overt" participation of "American armed forces in Cuba."

Overt was the key word. Sorensen says that what Kennedy wanted—and was misled into thinking he would get—was a "quiet, even though large-scale, infiltration of 1,400 Cuban exiles back into their homeland"; an air strike or so would have been the "only really noisy enterprise."

In the interests of keeping things quiet, Kennedy vetoed

the original plan—approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff—for the exiles to land at Trinidad, a town on the southern coast of Cuba, 178 miles southeast of Havana with, as Schlesinger says, the “advantages of a harbor, a defensible beachhead, remoteness from Castro’s main army, and easy access to the protective Escambray Mountains.” But Kennedy thought a Trinidad landing would be “too spectacular.”

The CIA planners therefore proposed other possible landing sites, and the Bay of Pigs was chosen. Sorensen reports that the Joint Chiefs failed to inform “either Kennedy or McNamara that they still thought Trinidad preferable,” while Schlesinger recalls that the Chiefs said they still preferred Trinidad—but said it “softly.” At one point Dean Rusk suggested that the operation be launched from Guantánamo, thereby providing the invaders with an opportunity for retreat; but the Joint Chiefs rejected that idea, and Rusk later complained to Schlesinger that “the Pentagon people” were willing to risk “the President’s head” but not the U.S. base.

Again, by the accounts of both Sorensen and Schlesinger, Kennedy was done in by his advisers. He was assured that the invasion might well set off an anti-Castro uprising in Cuba—which constituted a bad misreading of the political situation. Moreover, he had been told all along that if the invasion as such failed, the anti-Castro forces could melt into the mountains and fight as guerrillas. According to Sorensen, the trouble was that Kennedy, who could not have looked at a map very carefully, did not realize that from the Bay of Pigs, “the 80-mile route to the Escambray Mountains, to which he had been assured they could escape, was so long, so swampy and so covered by Castro’s troops, that this was never a realistic alternative.”

Everyone was agreed upon one thing: the invasion would have no chance of success unless Castro’s own little air force was knocked out beforehand. Kennedy gave permission for Cuban-piloted B-26s, flown out of Nicaragua nearly 600 miles from Cuba, to strike at Castro’s airstrips on April 15, two days before the actual invasion. An elaborate “cover” story—to the effect that the planes were actually flown by defectors from Castro’s own air force—was devised. As Sorensen says, the B-26s were “World War II vintage planes . . . possessed by so many nations, including Cuba, that American sponsorship would be difficult to prove.”

That first B-26 flight attacked on schedule, with indifferent results. Still according to the plan, a second B-26 bombing strike against Castro’s airfields had been laid on for D-morning itself. But the “defector” cover for the first raid, as Sorensen puts it, “was quickly torn apart”—which the President realized he should have known was inevitable in an open society.” It was at about that point that the realization finally dawned on Kennedy: he had approved a plan on the supposition that it would be “both clandestine and successful” but which was, in fact, “too large to be clandestine and too small to be successful.”

The Air Issue

With the U.S. caught in the act of sponsoring the first B-26 raid, reports Schlesinger, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, backed by McGeorge Bundy, convinced the President that the D-day morning raid “would put the U.S. in an untenable position.” Everyone, says Sorensen, would have regarded it as “an overt, unprovoked attack by the U.S. on a tiny neighbor.” Kennedy canceled the second strike; he changed his mind later, but after the strike was reinstated, it was rendered useless by bad weather. Sorensen carefully points out that Kennedy did not—as is often maintained—“cancel U.S. air cover” for the landing, for the simple reason that such U.S. air cover had never been planned; the cancellation involved only the second strike against Cuban airports.

The results of this cancellation are in dispute. Schlesinger says that the “second strike might have protracted the stand on the beachhead from three days to ten.” Sorensen writes that “there is no reason to believe that Castro’s air force, having survived the first air strike and been dispersed into hiding, would have been knocked out by the second one.” But Richard M. Bissell Jr., at the time of the Bay of Pigs the CIA deputy who planned the operation, takes another view

—as do most professional military men. Now a United Aircraft Corp. executive, Bissell argued last week in a Washington Evening Star interview that the scrub of the second strike may have made the critical difference: “If we had been able to drop five times the tonnage of bombs on Castro’s airfields, we would have had a damned good chance.”

Apart from the unsuccessful effort to knock off Castro’s little air force before the battle began, it was well recognized that the invasion force would require its own air cover. For that, Kennedy at first stipulated that those same, Cuban-piloted B-26s do the job. On D-day plus one, it became clear that the invasion force was desperately pinned down on the beach by unexpectedly stiff fire and Castro air attacks. Then, in a post-midnight meeting, Kennedy, as Sorensen says, “agreed finally that unmarked Navy jets could protect the B-26s when they provided the cover the next morning.” Schlesinger elaborates a bit: the President authorized “a flight of six unmarked jets from the Carrier Essex over the invasion area . . . Their mission would be to cover a new B-26 attack from Nicaragua. They were not to seek air combat or ground targets, but could defend the Cuban brigade’s planes from air attack.”

That was cutting it pretty close. Anyhow, it didn’t work; through some sort of slip-up, the U.S. Navy jets arrived on the scene about an hour after the Cuban exiles’ B-26s, which by then had mostly been shot down.

Questions of Commitment

Meanwhile, exile-Cuban supply ships, which were supposed to carry ammunition to the men on the beach, had been either sunk or scattered by Castro’s planes, and the crews threatened to mutiny rather than proceed to Cuba—unless the U.S. was willing to provide air and naval cover. Some of the Cuban exile leaders believed all along that the U.S. would have to come in fully on their side rather than let the operation fail. Schlesinger suggests that the CIA “unconsciously supposed” the same. Indeed Kennedy was under strong pressure to throw in U.S. air and naval forces. He refused, arguing that a U.S. invasion of Cuba would be far worse in its consequences than a temporary loss of prestige resulting from the failure at the Bay of Pigs—where 80 men died and 1,200 were captured. “What is prestige?” Kennedy asked. “Is it the shadow of power or the substance of power?” But wasn’t merely U.S. prestige that was at stake; it was a chance, perhaps never to return, to dispose of the single Communist regime in the Western hemisphere, a government bent on spreading subversion through Latin America.

Kennedy learned a lot from the disaster. “The impact of failure,” says Schlesinger, “shook up the national security machinery,” and Sorensen adds that it brought about “basic changes in personnel, policy and procedures.” But Sorensen also quotes Kennedy as lamenting long after the event: “All my life I’ve known better than to depend on the experts. How could I have been so stupid, to let them go ahead?”

It is certainly true that he was much tougher and much sharper after the Bay of Pigs, and much more effective in the October 1962 missile confrontation against Cuba and the Soviet Union. But the lessons of the Bay of Pigs remained to haunt him and the U.S. The lessons were many. Secrecy and deviousness are necessary in the fight against Communism—but it is naive to assume that a nation like the U.S. can launch a sizable military operation and not be found out. It is useful to appeal to dissidents inside Communist countries—but given the known nature of Communist regimes, it is foolhardy to count on uprisings. It is right to make use of militant anti-Communists wherever they are—but it is impossible for the U.S. to achieve a major policy objective in a war by proxy. It is fine to use unorthodox and imaginative methods—but wrong to place essentially military decisions in the hands of amateurs.

Above all, it is deadly to start something one is not prepared to finish. In coping with the Dominican situation Lyndon Johnson may have used larger forces than necessary; but once he moved, he moved with power and decisiveness to assure the outcome, which was to prevent the establishment of a second Communist regime in the hemisphere.



CONVOY TO PLEIKU
On Route 19, a high toll.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Battle for the Hills

Like some ponderous snake, the long convoy labored up the steep switchbacks on Route 19. Guards nervously rode rifle atop every truck. Three hours out of coastal Qui Nhon, the vehicles pulled into Mang Yang pass—favorite ambush point for the Viet Cong on the 100-mile highway to Pleiku. Along the edge of the narrow road were massive craters. To clear the V.C. from the pass, high-flying B-52s from Guam had blasted Mang Yang with bombs the night before. Once past the pass, the guards relaxed, and the convoy—the first since the end of May—rolled on into the beleaguered town of Pleiku with vitally needed food, ammunition, fuel and steel airstrip planking for South Viet Nam's tense and threatened central plateau.

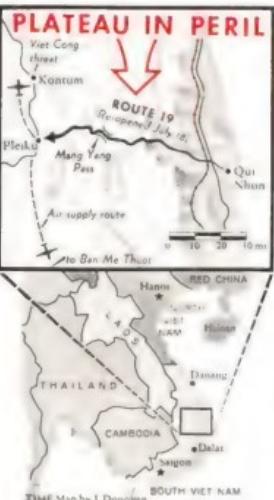
For six months the Viet Cong and troops from North Viet Nam have been massing on the plateau, and except for a handful of strongly fortified district villages, and the province towns of Pleiku, Kontum and Ban Me Thuat, they still range at will through the mountainous countryside. Since the Viet Cong blew out three of Route 19's bridges some six weeks ago, the highlands' vital western tier of towns was accessible only by air. Despite an airlift that brought hundreds of tons a week into Pleiku, supplies were growing critically short when Saigon decided that Route 19 had to be reopened at any price.

Isolated Shards. The price came high: some 7,000 South Vietnamese troops deployed in the largest military operation mounted by Saigon since the war began, requiring an airlift that tied up virtually every transport plane in South Viet Nam for days. Though the effort succeeded, and by week's end supplies

were rolling daily from Qui Nhon to Pleiku, the magnitude of the effort underscored how thoroughly the Viet Cong have chopped South Viet Nam into isolated shards. Only a fraction of the nation's 4,000 paved miles of road are freely passable; of more than 600 miles of railroad trackage, a mere 100 remain usable.

Though Pleiku was open for the moment, the peril in the highlands was hardly diminished. The next likely pressure point in the Viet Cong's plateau push is Kontum, once a pleasant mountain village of open-air cafés with circus awnings and a population of 14,000. Though only 30 miles from Pleiku, Kontum is surrounded by some 6,000 guerrillas backed up by an estimated 10,000 North Vietnamese regulars, and is still accessible only by airlift, as is nearby Ban Me Thuat. If the Viet Cong attack, as seems almost certain, Kontum's fate and the fate of its 1,000-man garrison, including 150 Americans, may well be decided by the weather—which in the monsoon season determines whether planes can bring relief troops, massive fire power and bombing to bear on the Red attackers.

Horde of Locusts. Kontum is not waiting idly. Each night the garrison's 105-mm howitzers pound the surrounding hills, shellbursts alternating with flares dropped by patrolling C-123s, which illuminate the jungle fronds. When guerrillas probe the perimeter wire, alarm gongs bang, trumpets sound and tin cans tied to the endless concentric coils of barbed-wire rattle. By day



THE WORLD

life goes on. In the French seminary, 50 sandal-clad Vietnamese and French priests keep to their prayer schedules. Sixteen American Protestant scholars continue compiling alphabets and grammars for some 48 Montagnard tribal languages.

Ironically, the plateau's predominantly Catholic, anti-Communist Montagnard people might overrun Kontum before the Viet Cong do: an estimated 16,000 Montagnard refugees, desperately hungry, were being driven ahead of the Viet Cong toward Kontum. They could arrive in the next week, and, as one U.S. officer put it, "If they do, they'll devour it like a horde of locusts."

RED CHINA

The Prize Defector

Nobody rejoices over a repentant sinner more than Red China's Premier Chou En-lai—particularly if the sinner is a highly placed defector from the West. To prove it, Chou ordered party flacks to go all out last week on a reception for 74-year-old Li Tsung-jen, Nationalist China's acting President during the final days of the Communist conquest, and Peking's biggest prize so far in the East-West defection game.

War lord of Kwangsi province during the 1920s and '30s, Li early urged a united front of Nationalists and Communists to fight the invading Japanese war machine, gave the weary Chinese their first major victory at Taiter-chwang in 1938. In 1948, as the civil war raged, Li fought China's first Western-style political campaign and nosed out President Chiang's favorite for the vice-presidency; months later, Chiang stepped aside to let Li have a chance at seeking peace with the Communists, then within sight of total victory. When Nationalist resistance collapsed, Li, a longtime critic of the Chiang regime, fled to the U.S., rather than Chiang's Formosa refuge.

Last month Li sold his house in Englewood, N.J., told friends he was going to Switzerland to be with his wife who was recovering from a cancer operation. He went to Switzerland, all right—then kept going east. At Peking Airport, he renounced his "guilty past," urged his colleagues on Formosa to "return to the embrace of the motherland" and create a new united front—this time against the "wolfish ambition" of the U.S.

Li's defection apparently followed months of patient persuasion by China's United Front Work Department, which has some of the same functions of the U.S.'s CIA, but at root may have been nothing more than the simple desire of an old man to return to the land of his birth. Said he: "I have returned home. After long years of absence, I am home again."

GREECE

The Searing Days of Summer

The ancient Greeks developed democracy, but they were skeptical about it. "A charming form of government, full of variety and disorder," sniffed Plato. Present-day Greeks found his teaching true last week, as Athens for the second week barked in a hot sun and rocked with riots. One politician uneasily recalled that 17 of Greece's 20 revolutions since 1821 have happened in the searing days of summer.

In the wake of his resignation and replacement by King Constantine with another Premier (TIME, July 23), George Papandreu, 77, staged a dramatic "return" to Athens in a ten-mile motorcade from his country villa. A cheering crowd of 200,000 lined the streets, bus tops, and rooftops, many waving his portrait wreathed in laurels and suggesting to the fallen hero that "a new irreconcilable struggle" had begun in Greece. "Who rules this country today? The King or the people?" he asked. Enthusiastically, the crowd responded, "We want a plebiscite. Unity! Papandreu! Down with the puppet government!"

First Martyr. Two nights later, some 4,000 young followers of Papandreu carried his cause to the Parliament building in downtown Athens. Cordon of police warned them back, but they pressed on. Suddenly the police lobbed tear gas grenades and turned fire hoses on them, then waded in with truncheons. In the push to retreat, bodies tangled and fell. When the curtain of tear gas lifted, Stadium Street was strewn with stunned demonstrators and tourists, broken glass, placards, clothing and hundreds of odd shoes. One student, Sotirios Petroulas, 25, suffocated, and George Papandreu had his first martyr.

For what? As the fiery, hawk-faced ex-Premier told it, Petroulas was a martyr in the cause of "the people," as represented by himself, v. 25-year-old King Constantine. "I am the embodiment of democracy," announced Papandreu. "The love of the people for me has no precedent in the history of Greece."

New Premier George Athanasiadis-Novas did not doubt that Papandreu was popular with the voters. More pertinent at the moment was the old man's strength in Parliament. Novas' regime had won over at least 20 of Papandreu's 171 members of the Center Union faction in the legislature, leaving Papandreu with something less than a clear majority. It was also well known that a great many Center Union rank-and-filers had become disenchanted with Papandreu's particular brand of despotism in party affairs.

Danish Import. Yet Papandreu was still an orator without peer in the land of Demosthenes. And in choosing to attack the monarchy he had a vital is-



ANTI-GOVERNMENT STUDENTS CARRYING VICTIM'S COFFIN IN ATHENS
On Stadium Street, tear gas and unprecedented love.

sue, for the Greeks have often resented, and sometimes even exiled, a royal family that was originally (in 1863) imported from Denmark.

While Constantine shuttled anxiously between Athens and his summer palace on Corfu, Premier Novas announced that Parliament would be asked to give his government a vote of confidence next week after a five-day debate. His ministers huddled with leaders of other parties to line up support, and Novas himself added that he would be only too delighted to "negotiate with anyone in the Center Union either for a new government formation or a broadening of the present one."

Rather than accept a subordinate post in someone else's Cabinet, however, George Papandreu seemed determined to take all or nothing. "One cannot compromise on principles," he declared, returning from a spectacular though peaceful funeral for Student Petroulas that was attended by 70,000 supporters. "If the so-called government resigns, which it should, which it will, then the King must call the leader of the majority party in Parliament to form a government. I am that leader, and I shall be called to return. I have no intention of starting a revolution, but that would be the result if I went to the people."

GREAT BRITAIN

Last of the Amateurs

"I come to the promises which I have always made to you," Tory Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home last week told a hushed group of Conservative M.P.s. "The first is that I would never allow disunity in the party, least of all over myself; the second, that I would tell you when I considered that the time was right to hand over the leadership to another." With that Sir Alec announced that the time had come; after 21 months and three days, first as Prime

Minister and then Opposition Leader, he was relinquishing his position as the top Tory.

Though a few colleagues had been privy to Home's decision, by and large Britain was taken by surprise. Sir Alec's last public word on the subject had been a ringing assurance in March that he was "impatient for the election in which I shall lead you to victory." Just two weeks ago, when confronted with a flurry of unrest from backbenchers, Home had privately reiterated his determination to stay on. Party Chairman Edward du Cann concurred, but the British press, most notably the Tory press, emphatically did not, and had been saying so in a rising crescendo. "He should go," asserted the Sunday Express. "The right moment to change," advised the Sunday Times. "Sir Alec could now retire with the genuine thanks of his party," allowed The Economist.

A Near Defeat. The chorus of critics—public and private—was saying that Sir Alec was his party's own worst liability. In Commons, he had proved no match for the acid jousts with Prime Minister Harold Wilson. On TV, he came across to the nation as a frail, pale shadow of the graceful, witty private Sir Alec. The latest National Opinion Poll had Labor back in front of the Tories 46% to 41%. On a man-to-man popularity basis, polls invariably showed Home trailing Wilson. One gave Wilson the nod in virtually every category, from "tough" (Wilson 62%, Home 29%), to "straightforward and plain speaking" (Wilson 75%, Home 57%).

Though the Tories may not need Sir Alec now, they owe the former 14th Earl of Home, who gave up his title to become Prime Minister when Harold Macmillan stepped down, a large debt. The gaunt, gracious aristocrat was hardly a public figure when he moved from the foreign secretaryship to No. 10 Downing Street. He inherited a party embarrassed by the Profumo-Keeler

scandal and racked by dissension over his own selection. After nearly 13 years in power, the Tories were visibly tired and the public seemed overwhelmingly ready for a switch to Labor. Sir Alec managed to rally his party, and in the end it very nearly defeated Labor last September. Once expecting a landslide, a shaken Harold Wilson had to settle, when the votes were tallied, for a slender four-vote majority.

Tory backbenchers, spoiling for a fight, wanted to press this advantage, but Sir Alec replied that Wilson deserved a chance to govern—and that a partisan time-out was in the nation's best interests. He used the hiatus to reorganize the Tories into fighting trim, resolved to do away with the traditional Tory way of choosing its leaders by the "customary processes"—that is, by informal agreement of the few ranking leaders. Home's successor will be chosen this week by democratic election in which all 303 Tory M.P.s will have equal votes.

A Professional Decision. Whoever wins will almost surely give the party its first youthful look in decades: the two prime contenders are Reginald Maudling, 48, and Edward Heath, 49. A half dozen other Tories, from the coldly brilliant, right-wing Enoch Powell to the pugnaciously independent Peter Thorneycroft, are given dark horse chances.

Reggie Maudling, Sir Alec's Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a relaxed Saint Bernard of a man. Ted Heath, an energetic "technocrat," made his reputation as Britain's hard-nosed representative in the ill-fated Common Market negotiations. Victory by either will represent a sharp break in the Old Etonian tradition of the gifted amateur in Tory politics. Indeed, Sir Alec may well be the last of that line. If so, the last of the amateurs had made thoroughly professional decision last week. With parliamentary recess looming, the new top

Tory will have ample time to marshal his forces before facing the Commons in November, and to establish his control over the party before the annual Tory conference next October.

FRANCE

L'Affaire Voodoo

Captain Joseph P. Smith of the U.S. 38th Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron gunned his RF-101 Voodoo jet down the base runway at Ramstein, West Germany. His destination, according to a flight plan filed half an hour earlier with French air control, was France's Rhône Valley. His announced purpose: training for NATO defense. At 4:54 p.m., as he was making his second pass at 2,000 ft. over the Rhône town of Pierrelatte, Captain Smith was greeted wingtip to wingtip by an old French Vautour interceptor. He made two more passes over Pierrelatte and then headed back to Ramstein, where he touched down at 6:05. Waiting for him was an agitated reception committee, including a representative of the French armed forces, who stalked away with the plane's baggage—175 undeveloped photographs, 28 of them containing detailed closeups of France's main hydrogen-bomb fuel plant at Pierrelatte.

Questions Without Answers. At this point, the facts end and the mystery begins. Was the Voodoo on a spying mission or were the Pierrelatte pictures simply the result of a monumental Air Force snafu? The French, in a polite oral protest to the American embassy, seemed to think the former; the U.S., in an ambiguous, embarrassed apology for its "inadvertent violation of French flight regulations," indicated the latter.

If the U.S. had wanted pictures of Pierrelatte, would it have gone about it in such a heavy-handed manner? The town lies only five miles from the busy Lyon-Marveille commercial airway, and lateral pictures could easily have been taken from high altitude at that distance. If an overhead flight was to be made, why would it be made at the absurdly low altitude of 2,000 ft.? And would the U.S. so readily hand over the film if some dark job of espionage had been involved?

To such questions, no answers were forthcoming, for U.S. public relations officers fell silent after some initial muttering about the plane going astray "in bad weather." Later, it was suggested that the Telex line that was to relay the flight plan was out of order, and the French might have gotten a garbled version. This did not alter the fact that there is a blanket prohibition against foreign air photos of French soil without permission of the government; even when the U.S. wanted photos of the American cemetery at St.-Mère-Eglise last year, it had to get approval.

The Disapproving Parent. After its first stiff little protest, the French government treated the flight with understanding restraint last week, somewhat like a disapproving parent who has



PIERRELATTE BOMB PLANT
The committee took all.

caught a child in a naughty act but doesn't want to hurt his feelings with a spanking. The press was amused: L'Aurore seemed flattered that anyone would consider France's puny atomic arsenal worth spying on, and Combat put tongue in cheek to ask WILL THE FRANCO-AMERICAN WAR TAKE PLACE?

Officially, *L'Affaire Voodoo* was over. Or was it? If De Gaulle's most skillful intelligence operatives had arranged the whole thing as an elaborate trap to embarrass an unsuspecting U.S. Air Force, his agents could not have given *le grand Charles* a better case to justify his long-felt need to get the Americans out of Europe—or at least out of France.

WEST GERMANY

The New Voters

A truism loudly trumpeted by West German politicians these days is that the nation's youth can no longer be blamed for the crimes or the mistaken beliefs of its elders. But what does youth believe in? Since 3,078,000 Germans born between 1940 and 1944 will be eligible to vote for the first time next fall in what seems likely to be a close election, both Ludwig Erhard's Christian Democrats and Willy Brandt's Social Democrats would love to know. Last week their strategists were poring over the 200-page digest of a report on German youth prepared by the Ministry of Family Affairs. Among the report's conclusions:

► Despite the upheavals of their early years, the younger generation remain firmly tied to the family. In the 15-25-year-old age group, 73% believe youths should live with their parents, even while another 20% favor guided democracy on the Gaullist model. Only a trifling 1% to 4% are still inclined towards dictatorship.

► Young Germans, by and large, are also convinced of the importance of some form of democratic government. A full 60% endorse the present system.

► As viewed by the French Atomic Energy Commission.



HOME AFTER RESIGNATION
The shadow earned a debt.



Europe's on parade this fall. Get in step with us.



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It's a glorious feeling.

World's most experienced airline
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"Commander, you make the best Tonic drinks in the world."

**"Schweppes makes the best Tonic drinks in the world, my dear.
Schweppervescence, remember? Curiously refreshing."**

"I like Schweppervescence. It tickles my nose."



while another 20% favor guided democracy on the Gaullist model. Only a trifling 1% to 4% incline to dictatorship.

► Two-thirds approve the idea of a West German army, and virtually all support participation in the Western alliance. An overwhelming majority (80%) consider reunification Germany's most urgent question today.

There was no clear advantage for either Erhard's C.D.U. or Brandt's S.P.D. in the latter statistics, since both are all for rearmament, NATO and a reunified Germany. But the politicians took note of the fact that two-thirds of today's youth are opposed to joining any party. And Socialist strategists were cheered by their findings that youthful voters favor the Social Democrats by a slender (4.5%) margin, partly because young intellectuals, such as Novelist Günter Grass, have been campaigning for it (TIME, July 23), but mainly because the S.P.D. has been the underdog for years.

DISARMAMENT

Back to Geneva

Two summers ago, Averell Harriman, during a quiet trip to Moscow, laid the groundwork for the 17-nation disarmament committee's only major breakthrough in its three years of effort: the 1963 treaty banning above-ground nuclear tests. Last week as the committee prepared to reconvene in Geneva's Palais des Nations after a ten-month recess, Harriman by odd coincidence was just finishing up another quiet week in Moscow—a "vacation," he called it, in which he just happened to meet twice with Russian Premier Aleksei Kosygin for some five hours of talks.

Suddenly Willing. Conceivably, all they talked about was Viet Nam and the fishing on the Black Sea. But it was hardly surprising that some of the chair swivelers in the chancelleries of Europe began to wonder if another Washington-Moscow disarmament deal was in the works. After all, for months the Russians had been insisting that they would never come back to the Geneva table so long as the war in Viet Nam continued. Now they suddenly seemed only too willing to rejoin the disarmament talks.

The West Germans were naturally more suspicious of a deal than anyone else. What they dreaded was U.S. agreement to scrap the NATO multilateral nuclear force—Germany's chance for a share in A-arms—in exchange for Russian agreement to a non-proliferation treaty.

MLF has been all but quietly shelved anyway since last December, and Russian Chief Disarmer Semyon ("Scratchy") Tsarapkin's parting shot at the last committee meeting was that "the solution of the urgent and vital problem of non-proliferation could be found here and now except for the obstacle of the plan for a NATO multilateral nuclear force."



CEAUSESCU WITH TENG & BREZHNEV
Gaullism, Bucharest style.

Just a Platform? There were no other visible, substantive reasons for Moscow's change of heart about another round of talks. But the Geneva delegates will have plenty of unfinished disarmament business to bring up again from previous sessions. There is the "bomber bonfire" scheme to scrap part (proposed by the U.S.) or all (as Russia urged) of their nuclear bomber fleets; the proposal to reduce the mounting stockpiles of fissionable material on both sides; and an extension of the test ban treaty to underground blasts, which has been stymied over whether three or seven on-site inspections a year would be enough to keep everyone honest.

Of them all, non-proliferation seems the most likely area for a breakthrough, as both the U.S. and the Soviet Union grow increasingly uneasy about the number of nations on the brink of atomic weaponry (TIME, July 23). The British delegation to Geneva has already been circulating a non-proliferation draft, and the U.S. has been readying a document of its own to put before the committee. If this was not the subject uppermost in Russian minds, then, diplomats guessed, they might not want anything more at Geneva than a daily public platform for berating the U.S. about Viet Nam.

RUMANIA

The Docile Guests

If the West finds Charles de Gaulle exacerbating, it can take some comfort in the fact that the Communist bloc is afflicted with 19 million Gaullists—otherwise known as Romanians.

Rumania has withdrawn in all but name from the Warsaw Pact military alliance; the last Russian troops left the country in 1958. It has cut down both

the size of its army and the duty tenure and has reserved the right to decide on its own whether to go to war with the rest of the countries in the pact. Bucharest boycotted the plan of Comecon, the bloc's common market, to make the nation merely a provider of gasoline and grain, instead is busy building a broad industrial base from which to trade West as well as East.

No Bondage. Rumania's abrasive brand of independence was launched by the late Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej (TIME, March 26), and both East and West have been closely watching the words of his successor, Rumanian Party Boss Nicolae Ceausescu, to see whether he would try to slip his errant satellite back into more orthodox orbit. Ceausescu (pronounced Chow-shes-coo) delivered a ringing answer last week as delegates from 56 Communist parties around the world gathered in Bucharest for the Ninth Rumanian C.P. Congress. With Russia's Leonid Brezhnev and Peking's Party Secretary Teng Hsiao-Ping attending, Bucharest had been billed as a head-on Sino-Soviet verbal slugfest. But the Rumanians attached "keep quiet" stickers to each invitation, and the result was a collection of docile guests whose most exciting time at the meeting was a five-hour, 93-page declaration of independence by their host, Ceausescu, that went considerably beyond anything Gheorghiu-Dej ever bruted.

Ceausescu again defended the Rumanian decision to industrialize, and as for Comecon trade, he asserted flatly that "Rumania develops economic relations with all states, irrespective of their social system, on the basis of mutual advantage." Ceausescu went on to make clear that Rumania's economic independence was merely the handmaiden of political autonomy. "Each [na-

tional] party has the exclusive right to independently elaborate its political line," he announced. He called for the abolition of all military blocs and, in a reference ostensibly to Viet Nam but which surely raised eyebrows among such members of his audience as East Germany's Walter Ulbricht and the Hungarian delegation, insisted that "foreign military bases and troops stationed on the territory of other states exert a negative influence on international relations."

On the Boulevard. In his four months on the job, Ceausescu has also provided liberation of sorts to Rumanian life. Noting that "diversity of style is peculiar to art and literature," he has gone even farther than Dej in freeing Rumanian artists from strict socialist realism. Abstractionist *vernissages* are blossoming along Bucharest's fashionable Boulevard Magheru, and even top party people can be seen carting home a non-objective painting. Kafka is all the rage, and more American movies than Russian are running in Bucharest's cinemas; the Broadway play *Rhinoceros* was a theater season sellout, and not just because Ionesco is a Rumanian. Last week, as if for the edification of his distinguished guests, Ceausescu permitted Western newspapers to go on public sale for the first time—excepting of course Paris' *Le Monde*, which has been available for some months to the East's Gaullists.

TURKEY

Back to the Army

The Turkish government last week rescinded a little law requiring internal exile for foreigners convicted of certain minor crimes. Most such exiles would have been overjoyed; not so U.S. Army Private Kenneth Baldwin, 30, whose banishment to isolated Kusadasi has turned out to be more a reward than a punishment (TIME, June 25).

Convicted of selling a PX-purchased tape recorder on the black market, Baldwin was sentenced to ten months in a Turkish prison, followed by a 2½ year stretch of village life in Kusadasi. Undaunted, he set about learning Turkish and making friends, tackled the port town's problems with the energy of a squad of Peace Corpsmen. Kusadasians dubbed him Kemal, "The Perfect One."

With the repeal of the banishment law—caused in part by publicity surrounding his own case—Baldwin was forced to return to his unit in Ankara for transport back to the U.S. and a bad-conduct discharge. Kusadasians argued that Baldwin would be put to an economic hardship if he had to pay his fare from the U.S. back to Turkey, and in letters, telegrams and telephone calls to U.S. officials pleaded that he be allowed to stay. Baldwin, who had found a home in Kusadasi, enthusiastically concurred. Said he: "They never looked down on me because I was a jailbird. Instead, they have helped me, and I want to repay them by helping them."



PRIME MINISTER MAHGOUB
The north tried reason.

THE SUDAN

Bad Medicine

To its 9th century invaders, it was *Bilad al-Sudan*—Land of the Blacks. To the 4,000,000 blacks who live on its southern flood plains, the name is a mockery. Ruled by harsh Arab masters for most of the past 200 years, the Sudanese Negroes are little more than primitive prisoners in their own land. Political rights have been denied them, education withheld, and they have managed to preserve their dignity only by clinging to their past. The tall, naked Dinkas still worship animal spirits and fear the evil eye. The fierce Nuer herdsmen still subsist on milk, termites and the blood of cattle. The stately Shillukas still spear lion and crocodile, still stand for hours, cranelike, on one foot.

They have been kept standing too long. For the past ten years, rebellion has been smoldering in the south. Two southern political movements were formed in exile to demand independence

from the north. From hideouts in the papyrus swamps and upland brush, guerrillas organized by still another group, a terrorist band known as the *Anya Nya* (Bad Medicine) began raids on government garrisons. Army reprisals from the north only increased the natives' hatred of the "slave catchers and their 'Arab occupation army.'" Offers of political integration were listened to politely by the southerners, only to be rejected at the conference table. "The problem is simple," observed one expert. "The southern Sudanese want to be Africans. The government wants them to be Arabs."

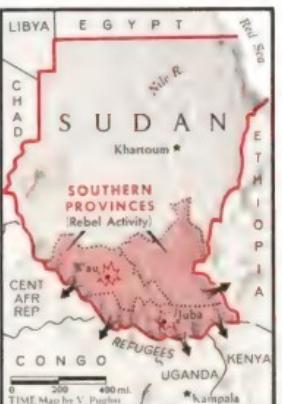
Unimpressed. Last month, when the Sudan got its first democratic government since a 1958 army coup, Arab hopes ran high that the blacks might finally listen to reason. The new regime promised them equal rights, religious freedom and a minority in the Cabinet. The south was unimpressed. The offers fell far short of the provincial autonomy demanded by even moderate southern leaders. Still worse, the power behind the new regime was a bright young man named Sadik el Mahdi—scion of the Sudan's richest family and boss of the Mahdist sect, which to the south is the very symbol of centuries of Arab rule. Instead of listening to reason, the blacks renewed the attack.

Equipped with automatic weapons hijacked from Communist arms shipments that had been flooding through the Sudan to the rebels in the neighboring Congo, *Anya Nya* guerrillas showed up in force a fortnight ago at the provincial capital of Wau (see map), tried to storm the army garrison. According to the government, the attack was beaten back and 72 terrorists were killed. Lesser battles were reported in several villages, but it was at Juba, the south's largest city (pop. 40,000), that the war's real fury was felt.

Instead of hurling themselves at the army, the Juba rebels ambushed a lone sergeant out for an evening stroll, sawed off the top of his head, emasculated him, and stuck the amputated part in his mouth. The Arab garrison went berserk. Its troops exploded into the street, firing wildly at everything that moved. They cordoned off the black districts along the Nile, sent four-man assassination parties down every street, setting fire to the thatched native huts and shooting down their occupants as they emerged. Many residents, caught between the advancing vengeance squads and the army cordon, threw themselves into the Nile and were drowned. Unofficial death toll: 1,400.

Ultimatum. In the wake of the Juba massacre came a new hard line from Khartoum. Abandoning all hopes of reconciliation, Mahdi-backed Prime Minister Mohammed Ahmed Mahgoub rushed heavy reinforcements to the three rebellious provinces and issued an ultimatum to the guerrillas to surrender their arms—or face "severe measures."

The waves of reciprocal terrorism were just what the rebels had been



waiting for. As thousands of black refugees fled the Sudan, leaders of the two southern parties showed up in Kenya and Uganda to try to line up all of black Africa against the Arabs. Charging that "the Khartoum government has embarked on deliberate genocide," they demanded intervention by the U.N., the Red Cross and the Organization of African Unity to free the south from "foreign domination."

Such appeals have a familiar ring to African nationalists. It is unlikely, however, that they will bring the Sudanese rebels much support. Although most black African leaders distrust the Arabs, few seem willing to risk splitting the continent into two hostile camps. A successful secession movement would set a dangerous precedent for such ethnic friction points as Nigeria and Chad, both of which are already hard put to keep peace between their Arab and Negro populations.

KENYA

The Bride Price

That hallowed tribal custom, the bride price, is coming under fire. Africa's young bachelors, caught between higher education and even higher inflation, are growing increasingly unhappy at the ancient laws that force the prospective groom to buy his bride from her parents. In Kenya, the dowry is often the equivalent of five years of the groom's expectable income, usually payable in postmarital installments of livestock, bicycles and money. By the time the bartering is over and the wedding rolls around, only his in-laws have much cause for celebration: rather than losing a daughter, they are gaining a herd of cattle.

Angry Letters. Leading the attack is a generation of young Kenya urbanites who look upon the dowry as institutionalized blackmail. In Nairobi, the angry young men have formed a group called the Kenya Dowry Reformation Movement, and are flooding Nairobi papers with letters demanding an end. "The Attorney General should abolish this old and unwanted practice," wrote one reformer. Another called for a general protest strike.

The campaign is gaining support. The East African Standard, largest paper in Nairobi, told its readers that bride prices, if not actually subversive to an emerging nation, are far too high. "No young girl can feel other than ashamed, in these times of personal freedom, to think she is sold by her parents to the highest bidder," the paper wrote. The president of Kenya's 50,000-member Women's Movement thinks the solution lies in government price ceilings. Suggested ceiling price: \$15.

Matter of Value. Few educated Africans are willing to destroy the custom entirely, for despite its iniquities, it is the only form of marriage insurance in many African societies. Tribal laws dictate that if a marriage breaks up because of the wife's misdeeds, her

husband gets his money back; if the fault is his, however, he can lose both bride and dowry. "The bride price amounts to peace of mind," says American-educated Grace Wagema, head of Kenya's Community Development Services. "Until we have a marriage law like the Europeans, it will continue to be the safest form of marriage." At a Y.W.C.A. conference in nearby Uganda, the case was stated more bluntly. "How will our husbands value us unless they have given value for us?" asked one young delegate. Wondered another: "How can our husbands keep us faithful unless there is a dowry they can demand back?"

SOUTH KOREA

The Exile's Lost Return

Soon after World War II, when the image of Russia as America's ally in arms still loomed large and benevolent, one crisp voice from the Orient peppered Washington with warning after



SYNGMAN RHEE
The south found a tiger.

angry warning about Communist intentions. It was the voice of Dr. Syngman Rhee, who in 1948, at the age of 73, had finally realized his dream of six decades by becoming the first freely elected President of a democratic republic in Korea. To the consternation of Washington officials, the doughty little Korean wanted from the start to ram a hard fist in the face of the Communists who had seized the northern half of his land and were looking hungrily south.

Rhee had good reason to fear the malice of invaders. For 43 years, Korea had been under the rule of another foreign nation, Japan, and Rhee, as President of Korea's government in exile, had spent most of this time fighting a fruitless campaign for recognition. Before that, he had endured brutal torture and seven years in prison for demanding a constitutional democracy from Korea's last Emperor. In his years

of exile, he had acquired an M.A. from Harvard, a Ph.D. from Princeton, an Austrian wife, and the respect of both his own people and many Americans. He had also learned the wisdom of the Korean proverb, "When whales fight, shrimp are eaten."

Task of Peace. Fifteen years ago this summer, on June 25, 1950, the North Korean Reds invaded the South—just as Rhee had predicted. By this time, the U.S. had got militant, too, and Harry Truman sent U.S. troops in defense of South Korea, rallying the U.N. to join the fight. As the fighting raged up and down the peninsula, it became clear that the eventual result was to be a military standoff near the 38th parallel. That was not good enough for Syngman Rhee, who publicly and furiously argued that unless all of Korea was reclaimed, the U.S. would be doomed to perpetual piecemeal containment of Communism. When the treaty of Panmunjom was signed, on July 27, 1953, the old fighter burst into tears.

With the coming of peace, Rhee struggled to rebuild his devastated little country. The task was doubly difficult because, historically, South Korea had been the agricultural part of an underdeveloped country, with what heavy industry there was located in the North.

Nor was the problem only economic, for by this time Rhee was getting into his 80s. Tragically, at the very time he could have been most useful to his country, he had become too old and inflexible to serve it well. Fading fast were the lofty visions of democracy for which he had gone to jail so long ago. Now his high-handed ways were earning him bitter enemies among the most enlightened groups in the country. Charges of corruption flew thick and fast around his Cabinet. In 1960 he was re-elected to a fourth term, but in a flurry of rigged ballots and intimidated (even murdered) opponents. Suddenly student mobs were rampaging out of control through the streets of Seoul, and violence swept the rest of the nation. Rhee knew it was time to step down, and he did.

Gaze of Respect. In the last exile in Hawaii, the now toothless "Tiger of Korea" lived on the donations of the local Korean community, first in a seaside cottage on Oahu, then, after a severe stroke in 1962, in a Honolulu hospital. There he died last week at the age of 90. His body was flown back to Seoul on board a special U.S. Air Force transport. Wary of possible repercussions among groups still bitter at Rhee's memory, President Chung Hee Park prepared Korea's second highest honor, a "people's funeral," instead of the full-scale state funeral that might have been accorded to a former President.

The people of Seoul did not share Park's restraint. Fully 300,000 of them lined the streets to dab at their eyes or simply gaze in respect as the flower-decked hearse carried Rhee on his last trip to Pear Blossom House, his old residence.

PEOPLE

Swedish Director Ingmar Bergman, 47, is almost as pessimistic on paper as he is on film (*Winter Light*, *The Silence*). Bedridden for four months with a bronchial infection, Bergman issued a statement accepting The Netherlands' Erasmus Award (\$13,800) for his contributions to the arts. It was less a statement than a cheerless obituary on the arts. "Religion and art are kept alive for sentimental reasons," brooded the Lutheran pastor's son; and the modern artistic movement "seems to me like a snake's skin full of ants. The snake is long since dead, eaten, deprived of his poison, but the skin is full of meddlesome life." Styling himself "one of the ants," Bergman concluded grimly: "The artist lives exactly like every other living creature that only exists for its own sake. This makes a rather numerous brotherhood living together egotistically on the hot, dirty earth under a cold and empty sky." Needless to say, Bergman's next movie, *Persona*, will not be a knee-slapping comedy.

For most politicians, the footing is slippery enough on a dry day at sea level, but Washington's Republican Governor Daniel J. Evans, 39, wanted it higher and slipperier. Square-jawed Sportsman Evans took up cramps, ropes and ice ax, fulfilled what he called a lifelong ambition by making the icy, difficult climb to the summit of the state's highest peak, 14,408-ft. Mount Rainier. Guided by a park ranger and Veteran Mountain Man Dee Molenaar, the Governor made the round trip from a 10,000-ft. overnight camp to the tip in a creditable eleven hours and issued a statement: "I am hushed."

JOHN DEV H



CLIMBER EVANS
Pooped.



HONOREE SINATRA
Palmed.

Not far from Betty Grable's legs, John Barrymore's profile, Shirley Temple's seven-year-old scrawl ("Love to the World") and his ex-wife Ava Gardner's feet, Singer Frank Sinatra, 49, knelt, did the old Hollywood salaam and planted his palms in the wet concrete beside the rococo Grauman's Chinese Theater. Then Frank struck a Jolanesque pose for Daughters Naney and Tina and about 3,000 faithful who turned up for the messy rites, some of them dangling from the limbs of trees.

"When I leave this here ball club in the fall, I want to leave a young team behind me." That was New York Mets Manager Charles Dillon Stengel talking, at a New York city hall celebration of Casey Stengel Day, one week in advance of his 75th birthday. What he said sounded something like English. And it sounded something like retirement. Since New Yorkers follow every stumble of Casey's spectacularly miserable Mets, the banners in the afternoon papers bellowed STENGEL TO RETIRE. For a while, the Mets' front office turned into a shambles of confusion and denials. Then Casey explained things. "When I leave" meant "when I go home" to California as usual after the season. "When I get ready to go, I'll say so—in plain English." That incredible prediction pointed up the reason for the whole mixup: Casey had been talking to city hall reporters, who specialize in municipal prose, New York dialect; it is only the sportswriters, after all, who pretend to understand Stengelsee.

"Sex?" mused Lord Horlech, 47. "That's a difficult area. What's acceptable varies from generation to generation." As the new president of Britain's

Film Censorship Board, the urbane, uncensoriously diplomatic is himself unimpeachably acceptable—despite a confessed fondness for horror movies. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he succeeded to his father's title last year while, under his more familiar name, Sir David Ormsby Gore, he was Britain's Ambassador to the U.S. "I am prepared," he says dutifully, "to go and see any sort of film."

It was a great vacation and all that, but the young lady, known to her Secret Service protectors by the code name "Velvet," had just about enough of digging in Arizona Indian ruins, floating down rivers on rafts and paddling all day through the wilderness lakes of northern Minnesota. In short, Lynda Bird Johnson, 21, had seen America first, and when she ended the seven-week Western tour, she exclaimed to a Minnesota reporter, "Why, your flies are worse than our Texas flies!" Then she ordered an air-conditioned car to pack her to the nearest outpost of civilization.

Jordan's volatile, hirsute King Hussein, 30, who fences with a scimitar, flies with abandon, and drives with a lead foot, came flashing onto France's Côte d'Azur for a ten-day romp, picked up yet another hair-raising diversion—something called "ascensional parachuting," or "Go Fly a King." It goes like this: The King straps on a special parachute pack, grabs the speedboat towline, skis on his bare feet up to 40 m.p.h., and then pop! Out goes the parachute, up goes the King sailing over the Mediterranean, into which he eventually plunges. He emerges from the flight looking as if the next royal hobby is going to be sumo wrestling.



ASCENSIONIST HUSSEIN
Popped.

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14. This is new Alcoa Aluminum Fascia and Soffit. It covers an old problem area that used to become moisture-laden and warpy because it got no sun. Now it doesn't matter.

13. These are new Alcoa Aluminum Gutters and Down-spouts. Alcoa baked the white paint on them at the factory, then fixed them so they would expand and contract with the weather.

12. This is Claudia's aid room. She almost fainted here getting ready for the Junior Prom. She doesn't feel nervous here anymore, just warm.

11. These are new Alcoa Aluminum Shutters. They won't warp, split or flake.

9. This is little John. He is a fierce Indian. He practically grew up in the tepee. Isn't it nice that Grandma and Grandpa have a new house . . . without moving?

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MEDICINE

DIETING

Reduction of Happy Humphrey

Only five years ago, Georgia-born William J. Cobb gave his weight as 802 lbs., billed himself as "Happy Humphrey, the World's Largest Wrestler," and won his matches by sitting on his opponents. Today, after learning to flatten his appetite instead of other wrestlers, Cobb weighs in at a svelte 232 lbs.—a staggering 570-lb. loss that may make an equally weighty contribution to modern dietetics.

Cobb's reduction by more than two-thirds was engineered not out of solicitude for his opponents but by his desire to stay alive. In 1962, heart trouble slowed the happy warrior down; he became so short of wind that he had to sit down on two chairs after every ten steps. Manfully, he tried to curb his appetite; no longer did he wolf down 15 chickens at a sitting. But doctors said he needed stricter discipline. When he waddled into the Medical College of Georgia's Clinical Investigation Unit in Augusta to volunteer for obesity research, he tipped the hospital's meat scale at 644 lbs.

No Exercise. Volunteer Cobb lived a carefully regulated life for the next 83 weeks. He was confined to the air-conditioned clinic, permitted no exercise (to avoid fluid loss through sweat), and given only measured amounts of food and water. Each day's intake was about 1,000 calories, but in 56-day cycles, he was shifted among:

- A high-protein diet, which included eggs, skimmed milk, ground beef, margarine, toast, tomato soup, catchup, green peas and applesauce.
- A high-carbohydrate diet, with toast, corn, lima beans, shortbread, peaches, applesauce, pineapple, puffed rice, skimmed milk, grape juice, orange juice and a bit of sugar.
- A high-fat diet, with salt-free mayonnaise and butter, tomatoes, eggs, whipped cream and cream cheese.

Rigid Regimen. Cobb stuck to his strict regimen, completed the program last spring. Now, at 232, he has gone to work in an Augusta shoe-repair shop. He returns to the hospital for a check-up every other week, and has maintained his new figure. Says he: "There's a heap more will power connected with it than anything else."

In part, Unit Director Dr. Wayne Greenberg concurs: "This isn't something magical. The thing is that Cobb had no access to extra food." Dr. Greenberg found Cobb's weight loss about the same on all three diets. But significantly, with the protein diet, what disappeared was almost all body fat, and Cobb felt least hungry between meals. With the high-fat diet, two-thirds of the loss was fat; the rest was mostly water (one unwanted side effect: an increase of cholesterol and other blood fats). On the carbohy-



COBB IN 1962



COBB TODAY

The other two-thirds went to science.

drate diet, only half the loss was fat; the rest was muscle and fluid (often temporary). One conclusion, noted Dr. Greenberg, is that figures on a scale often deceive a dieter: "People on diets can't tell how much loss is fat." Another conclusion is that calories do count—along with will power.

CANCER

Ounce of Prevention

Soft music seeps past oyster-toned walls with their bold paintings. Behind the teak-top desk sits a comely receptionist. The place looks like an advertising agency, but the callers who arrive there have not come on corporate errands. They have come to New York's modern Strang Clinic for their annual cancer checkup, paying heed to the American Cancer Society's estimate that fully 42% of the 295,000 Americans who will die of cancer in 1965 could have been saved through timely diagnosis and treatment.

Medicine's search for the causes of cancer accounts for millions of dollars every year. And success, when it comes, may pay off by pointing the way to cures or reliable preventives. Meanwhile, early detection remains the best defense against an inexorable killer.

Immediate Consultation. A pioneer in assembly-line checkups, Strang Clinic was set up at Memorial Hospital in 1940, moved downtown to its own building 18 months ago. It gives blood and urine analyses, X rays, and an examination of all body surfaces and orifices, for a fixed \$40 fee. If a doctor in one of the twelve private cubicles finds disturbing signs, a consultant is immediately available. The conclusion of both men is noted in the patient's record, and he then returns to his own doctor for treatment, if necessary. In 23 years, Strang doctors have examined 110,000

patients, found cancer in 1,500, precancerous conditions in 12,000, and early signs of diabetes, heart disease and tuberculosis in another 40,000.

Similar clinics operate in other U.S. cities. Detroit's Cancer Detection Center handles 6,000 patients annually, and uses 32 Wayne State University doctors on a rotating schedule. In Chicago, the George and Anna Portes Cancer Prevention Center takes only patients not currently under a doctor's care (about 7,500 this year), bolsters its examinations with educational films on cancer warning signs. The University of Minnesota Cancer Prevention Clinic takes patients from 45-70, the years when the onset of cancer is most likely. The Los Angeles Cancer Prevention Society, founded on a shoestring, now has its own lab and X-ray facilities in a modern three-story building.

Saving Lives. Though the low-cost clinics like Strang offer diagnosis, not treatment, they sometimes meet opposition from local medical groups fearful of their effect on doctors' incomes. At their best, though, they free busy practitioners from the routine chore of checking hundreds of well patients to find the few who need prompt treatment—a search that has proved eminently worthwhile. Says Strang Director Dr. Emerson Day: "When cancer is diagnosed in a localized stage, cure or effective control is relatively simple."

If comprehensive checkups were universal, the lives of a startling number of cancer victims would be saved. Based on the clinic's experience, Strang's Dr. Day is convinced that early diagnosis and treatment could prevent 100% of the 10,000 deaths to be expected in 1965 from cervical cancer, 100% of the 4,000 from skin cancer, at least 65% of the 43,000 from colon-rectum cancer, and 80% of the 26,000 from breast cancer.

THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Revisions in Russia

Last week the Russian newspaper Komsomolskaya Pravda (Truth for Youth) lowered the boom on a famed sea captain, Aleksei Solyanik. Though he had been celebrated as a hero for his whaling exploits and was awarded the Order of Lenin, the captain was now accused of "rude suppression of criticism, inadmissible nepotism, and abuse of his high post. He killed the sentiments of justice, honor and dignity among his own men."

Lately, such attacks on tyrannical officials have become commonplace in the

as to meet the competition. "We have to admit that bourgeois news agencies have achieved a high degree of speed in reacting immediately to all that happens around the world, while we are sometimes late," said *Kommunist*. "It means that a false version is spread around the world more rapidly than the true and correct one."

The Communists have always regarded their press as a prop of the regime. Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Beria, Molotov all served time on Russian newspapers and used them to consolidate their power. "No tool so flexible," said Stalin, referring to the press, "is to be found in nature." Today, some 7,000 of these



PRAVDA HEADQUARTERS IN MOSCOW
Gripes blossom; shackles endure.

Russian press. Thousands of letters of complaint pour in daily to the editorial offices of *Pravda*, *Izvestia* and other papers. If a letter is published—and many are—the writer is assured some kind of redress: an official mentioned in a newspaper complaint is required to answer it. Sometimes the private gripes blossom into a full-fledged editorial discussion of substantive issues: economics, or crime, or agriculture, or juvenile delinquency. It all adds up to impressive evidence that some of the shackles have been removed from the Soviet press.

Flexible Tools. Most of the shackles, of course, remain in place. Party dogma is still sacrosanct; when newspaper discussion comes too close to sensitive issues, the party simply chokes it off. While most Western broadcasts are no longer jammed (the jamming equipment has been moved eastward to blank out Radio Peking), non-Communist Western newspapers are still banned in Russia. When the magazine *Kommunist* recently urged the Russian press to increase its news coverage, its aim was not so much to free the press

tools—ranging from the big Moscow dailies, *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, to crude factory handouts—are published in 121 languages in Russia.

After Stalin's death, Khrushchev relieved the papers' grey monotony by allowing more lively coverage and make-up. As editor of *Izvestia*, Khrushchev's son-in-law, Aleksei Adzhubei, introduced a degree of cautious criticism; he also went in for some mild sensationalism, such as reporting the activities of the Abominable Snowman.

Adzhubei lost his job along with Khrushchev, but the trend to more flexibility in the press was not reversed. Today's Russian bosses, Brezhnev and Kosygin, play down the cult of personality (though they do not provide as lively copy as did Khrushchev). While Stalin's name used to appear in bold-face and was given prominent display in most news stories, the present leaders are apparently content to have their names occasionally omitted from copy—which does not mean they are about to be demoted or disappear. Since news coverage is no longer a sure tip-off to a Soviet official's status, Kremlinol-

ogists have a tougher job than ever deciding who ranks where in the Russian hierarchy.

Behind the Masses. In Stalin's time, any party hack might wind up working for a newspaper. Today, journalism departments at 18 universities turn out 950 graduates a year. Tass, the official news agency, exchanges news in New York with A.P. and U.P.I., and from time to time Russian newsmen drop in to observe U.S. wire-service operations. All told, there are some 160 Russian correspondents overseas; in many of the underdeveloped nations of Africa and Asia, they outnumber their Western counterparts, and they often scoop the West on stories in these areas. "There are plenty of capable newsmen waiting for someone to open the door," says a Columbia University Kremlinologist who monitors the Soviet press.

How far the door will open remains to be seen. But the push, at least initially, is unlikely to come from the press. "In the West," says Albert Boiter of Radio Liberty, "the press is the pacemaker. But the Soviet press stands not in front but behind the masses, following popular trends and undercurrents gingerly and grudgingly. Whatever liberal innovations have been introduced lately are not the work of audacious editors, keen reporters and erudite commentators. They have been made because of the demands of the readership, which is slowly and rather unwillingly being followed by the press."

Candor at the White House

"I wonder if there have been any discussions of a successor to Adlai Stevenson?" a newsman asked bluntly just 24 hours after Stevenson's sudden death. Had George Reedy still been White House Press Secretary, such a query would have probably drawn a curt "No comment"—plus a suggestion, perhaps, that it was indecorous in its timing. But Bill Moyers, only a week in the job, took a puff on a slim cigar and answered evenly that the President had already talked over possible replacements with his staff and would not fill the post until after the funeral services for Stevenson.

This calm and candid response put an abrupt end to rumors running through Washington. It also marked a change of style in the White House press room that was particularly appreciated by the Washington press corps. For months, its members had been griping about President Johnson's management of the news and Reedy's inability to give them the information they thought they had coming to them.

Advantage of Intimacy. Once Reedy quit to undergo a series of foot operations, the President set out to repair his tattered press relations by putting one of his most trusted aides in the job. While only briefly a newsman, Moyers, at 31, has worked for Johnson in one way or another for most of the last

eleven years. A graduate of the University of Texas and Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Texas, he served as deputy director of the Peace Corps before he moved into the White House.

Moyers' performance in his new job is largely shaped by his relationship with the President. Johnson gave Moyers' predecessor little leeway. Wary of the presidential temper, Reedy even hesitated to reveal Johnson's traveling plans, much to the annoyance of the White House correspondents. As an intimate of the President, Moyers not only attends staff meetings, he also helps make policy. So he has no trouble fielding questions about major matters at his twice-a-day briefings.

Man in the Middle. Pacing back and forth behind his desk, occasionally stopping to stare through the tall windows at the White House lawn, Moyers composes his answers coolly, without hesitation. He never says, "I think," or "I believe." He knows. He took much of the sting out of a recent speech by Senator Robert Kennedy belaboring the Administration for not doing more to check the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Said Moyers when queried: "If you go back and look at the President's speech at Johns Hopkins, when he said we are not going to build the kind of world we want with bullets and bombs, you will find this consistent with Senator Kennedy. This is the policy of the Government."

Though he resisted taking it, Moyers now seems to be enjoying his new job as much as the press enjoys him. "You never do the same thing twice," he says. "Every day's sunrise brings new problems." But the honeymoon is not likely to last indefinitely. The President and the press will eventually clash

again, and Moyers may well find himself the man in the middle. Until that happens, the new secretary promises to be an ideal answer to the presidential press problem.

No Room at the Bottom

It's a wise publisher who knows his own newspaper. In a BBC-TV interview, Britain's Cecil King candidly explained why his London Daily Mirror is not likely to be displaced as Great Britain's largest daily (circ. 5,000,000). "The success of the Mirror," he said, "was due to the fact that it appealed to people who wanted something simpler than the Daily Express. But there comes a time when each paper has reached a lower level than the previous one, until you get down to bedrock. You can't publish a paper which appeals to people less educated and less intellectual than the Daily Mirror."

MAGAZINES

Papa's Poems

Once he became the spokesman for the "lost generation" of the 1920s, not much that Ernest Hemingway ever did escaped the attention of the press. But for the most part, he managed to conceal one pastime: writing poetry. Treating the practice as something of a family scandal, he let only close friends know of his poems and published just a few in an obscure German magazine, *Der Querschnitt*. Now, two of Hemingway's longer poems—four-letter words and all—have been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

"They have journalistic and literary merit if only because people are interested in how Hemingway wrote," says *Atlantic*'s Executive Editor Robert Manning. A devoted Hemingway fan, Manning met Papa while interviewing him for a *TIME* cover. The two became friends and exchanged letters. After Hemingway's death Manning visited his widow, Mary Welsh, to ask if he might see any unpublished manuscripts. He found a pair of love poems written by Papa to Mary during World War II and persuaded Mary to let the *Atlantic* run them.

One, started by War Correspondent Hemingway during the bloody battle of Huertgen Forest, was apparently a favorite of the author's. Later, in the Ritz Bar in Paris, he would often ask his friend Marlene Dietrich to read it. "Oh, Papa," she would murmur when she had finished, "I don't care what else you did so long you did this poem."

Love & Death. Marlene may have been carried away. The poems are the usual Hemingway blending of love and death. While Papa was sorry to be absent from Mary, he was even sorrier, it appears, to miss the raptures of combat. Love gets lost in the shuffle:

*Onward Christian soldiers
Marching to a whorl
With the cross of Mary Welsh
Going on before.*



THE HEMINGWAYS IN CUBA (1953)

Flesh fattens, mind fattens.

At their best, the poems offer some barracks blasphemy:

*In the next war we shall bury the dead in cellophane
The host shall come packaged in every K ration
Every man shall be provided with a small but perfect Archbishop Spellman, which shall be self-inflatable.*

But mostly they are soggy going:

Reach out your hand to Love's dark sister. Hate, and walk with her across that hill we slowly walked, and see if Love is waiting at the top. Or who is waiting there instead.

Brooding on the Body. Manning follows up the poems in the *Atlantic* with an affectionate reminiscence. His piece is full of Hemingway's familiar posturing and pseudo-profoundities. "You know," Papa solemnly told Manning, "all the beautiful women I know are growing old." But Manning reports one conversation that sheds somber light on Hemingway's writing as well as on his eventual suicide. Brooding over his high blood pressure and spreading paunch, Papa doubts that a writer can function unless he is in top physical shape. "Fattening of the body can lead to fattening of the mind. I would be tempted to say it can lead to fattening of the soul, but I don't know anything about the soul."

Jumping on the Hemingway bandwagon, Caedmon Records has just released a record of Hemingway reciting the speech he wrote upon receiving the Nobel Prize, one of the love poems, and a few trivial pieces of self-parody—all in a reedy, nervous voice. But while there are "enough of Papa's poems to fill a book one-half inch thick," according to Mary Hemingway, the rest are unlikely to be published or recorded for many years. "Some of the longest poems are about living people," she says, "and most of them are uncomplimentary, to say the least."



SECRETARY MOYERS

More leeway, less hesitation.



ON COLORADO'S SOUTH PLATE

RECREATION

And the Riding Is Easy

Come summer's dog days and Americans tend toward extremes. Some exhaust themselves swimming, gardening or golfing while others conserve energy lolling about on back porches or public beaches. But a growing number of people, in the search for a happy medium, are rediscovering a sport as old as the first air-pressure auto tire-tubing.

Armed with sturdy inner tubes, floppy hats, buoyant coolers full of iced beer cans, and an extra car to leave downstream for the trip back, enthusiasts simply stake out a docile stretch of river, plop themselves into the tube's cool well, and float downstream. When the afternoon is over, the tuber is sun-kissed but cool, refreshed but relaxed, with nary an aching muscle. "Tubing," says one insider, "is not tiring." Without once passing beyond the perimeter of his patched piece of commercial refuse, he has communed with nature far more intimately than the man who has played 36 holes of golf. And he returns home with almost as much money as he had when he left.

Yelps & Bruises. On one two-mile stretch of the Apple River near Somerset, Wis., as many as 2,000 tubers drift by on a sunny summer weekend. The current is swift enough to keep off the mosquitoes, the scenery is of travel-brochure quality, the tubes rent for 50¢, and the Apple offers several stretches of rough water that lend the illusion of sport. Every once in a while the submerged portion of an inner tuber hits a projecting rock, resulting in yelps, bruises and occasional punctures—not only in the tube.

Even more amazing adventures can occur—like losing your way. Tubers often float too far downstream or take the wrong fork. Early this summer two women chattered away so feverishly they did not notice that the river had slowed to a swamp. Startled by the sound of cows grazing on the riverbank a few feet away, they scrambled ashore, only to find their path blocked by a gun-toting farmer.

MODERN LIVING



ON TEXAS' COMAL
Blowout, anyone?

Whirlpool Bath. The Comal River in New Braunfels, Texas, is advertised by the Chamber of Commerce as the shortest river in the world, running only four miles from its spring-fed source until it spills into the larger Guadalupe River. But some 1,200 tubers flock to it on Sunday afternoons, mostly to ride the steep, 350-yd. stretch where the river swirls like a whirlpool bath. For the sake of togetherness, Texas tubers frequently link feet under arms and form an enormous water snake composed of 40 or 50 tubers. At the end of the run, few tubers have remained linked together, but all of them are usually ready to reform and go into the breach once again.

In Colorado, where flash floods can transform even docile streams into treacherous torrents, students in par-



ON WISCONSIN'S APPLE

ticular have taken to inner-tubing with a fervor that has alarmed the local authorities. A month ago, a 16-year-old boy was tumbled out of his tube by a particularly boisterous cataract, and sometime later was found dead about ten miles downstream. Said a sheriff's deputy: "The body was horribly mutilated—as if it had been run through a meat grinder."

A Problem of Inflation. Tubing has now produced its own teen-age gangs. One set of Colorado youths have made life miserable for fishermen along the South Platte River above Denver. Exhilarated by beer and foaming rapids, they race by anglers shouting imprecations and fouling lines.

Even for the most sedate tuber, a problem looms. How long will the supply of inner tubes last? Ever since Akron manufacturers switched to tubeless tires, the cost of inner tubes has suffered from inflation and the supply from depletion. Perhaps demand will force Akron to produce a new item: the tireless tube.

HOBBIES

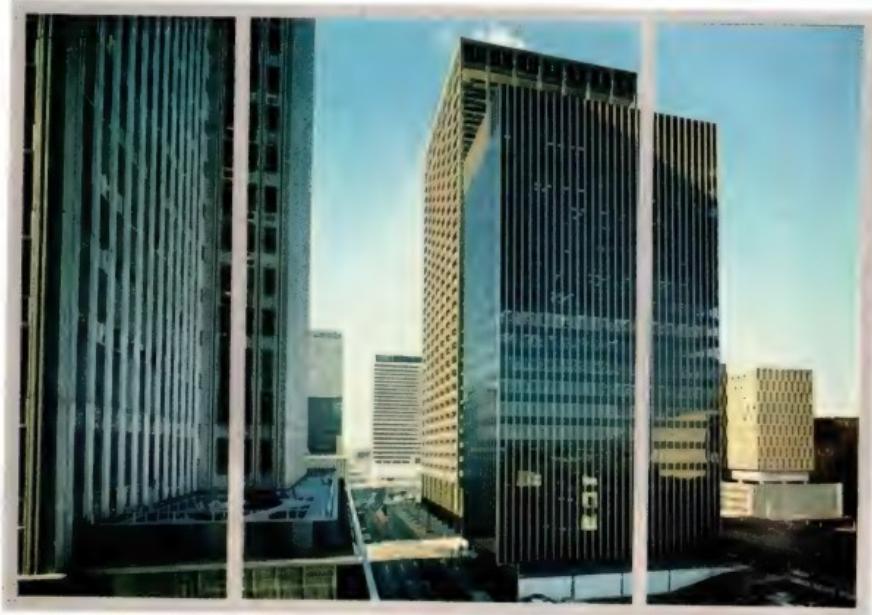
Quick As a Wink

Flash photos have long been a matter of luck and frustration for the amateur photographer. Either he totes around cumbersome, electronically-charged strobe lights that always seem to go on the blink at the wrong moment or stuffs his pockets full of flashbulbs that have to be coaxed into the camera's flash gun before every photograph. Now Sylvania and Kodak have developed a neat solution—the Sylvania flash-cube, which is no larger than an ice cube and contains four miniature flashbulbs, each with its own built-in reflector. Packaged in threes for \$1.95, the plastic-coated cube fits any of eight newly designed Kodak cameras, completely eliminates the need for the old flash attachment. On cameras with automatic film advances, the cube spins around so fast the photographer can shoot four times in five seconds—plenty of time to catch that certain smile before it melts.



SYLVANIA'S CUBE & KODAK
Smile—for five seconds?

You're looking at Houston through a new glass from PPG that shuts out 70% of the sun's heat



Photograph taken through a sample of SOLARBAR Twindow simulating typical building location. Camera: 4 x 5 inch. 1:10 second at f:22 with Ektachrome daylight.

Sound impossible? It was—before PPG SOLARBAR™ Twindow®, the latest and most effective product for Glass Conditioning.*

SOLARBAR Twindow transmits only a third as much heat as regular $\frac{1}{4}$ " plate glass. Rooms stay cooler in the summer, warmer in the winter. SOLARBAR Twindow is two panes of glass with an insulating dry air space between them, plus an exclusive coating that reflects much of the sun's heat. SOLARBAR also reduces glare; it transmits only about one-fifth of the visible light. All this results in an unprecedented degree of comfort along with substantial savings on air-conditioning and heating costs.

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PPG makes
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Who else would make
such a shake-down cruise?
The distance of...



"TO THE MOON AND BACK

...PLUS 4 TIMES AROUND THE WORLD!"

Announcing the new pressurized-turboprop

Beechcraft KING AIR

Never in history has one of the first new business airplanes off the assembly line made such a "shake-down" cruise... sped so far around the globe... visited so many different countries... sought out so many grueling climatic conditions... hunted for so much punishment, from severest icing conditions to the searing heat of desert operations... as the fabulous new Beechcraft KING AIR.

And this flight was made for you! In the first few months, the KING AIR traveled a distance equal to the moon and back plus four trips around the earth—not as a stunt, but to give this entirely new concept in business aviation a "shake-down" evaluation and reliability test equivalent to 4 years of normal business aircraft operation!

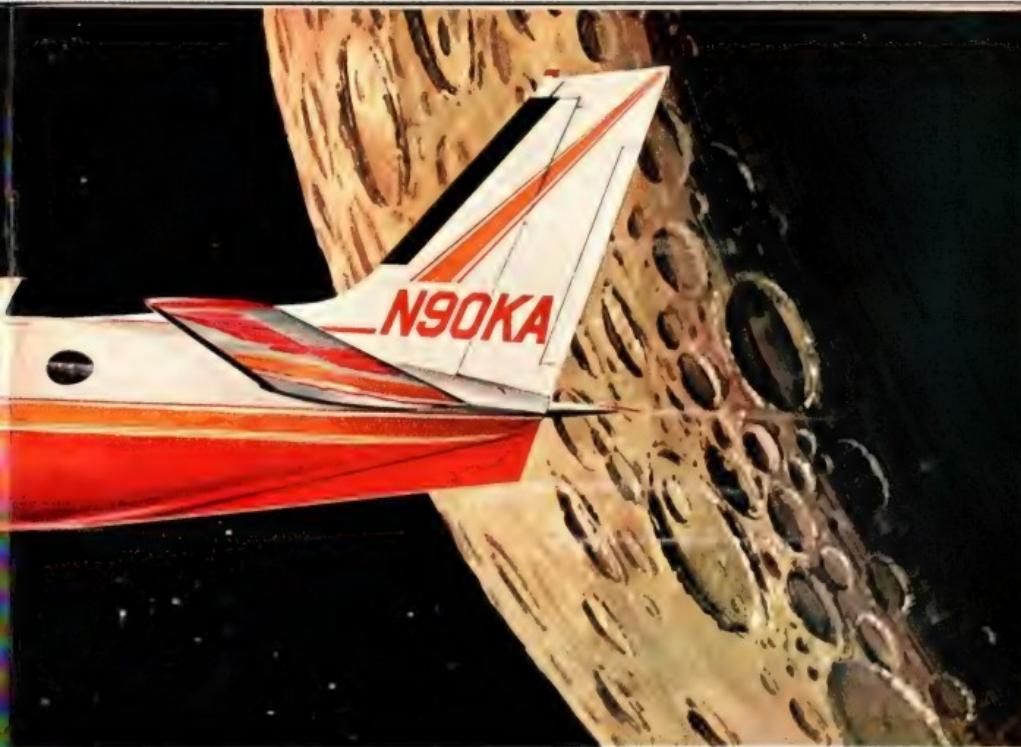
This is the type of unheralded pre-testing that Beechcraft owners respect and expect. It points to one of the major reasons why—before the first production model ever rolled across the flight line—more "cash-on-the-barrelhead" advance orders were placed for the KING AIR than for any other corporate-designed airplane in history.

Why did business leaders throughout the world place advance orders for more than fifty million dollars worth of KING AIRs?

The Beechcraft KING AIR is in a comfort-total utility class by itself! It is the first of the new sophisticated business airplanes to combine high cruising speeds... big payload... the comfort of a *pressurized* cabin at over-the-weather high altitudes... and the smoothness and whisper quiet of turbine power—without sacrificing operating economy at low altitudes, or the ability to land and take off from thousands of airports everywhere that are just too small for other high-speed corporate transports.

The Beechcraft KING AIR was specifically designed to fit the trip requirements of most companies. It provides passenger compartment seating for up to 6 people, with "walk-around" roominess and supreme deep-cushioned comfort found only in planes costing over 3 times its price!

Although pressurized for "Colorado living room" comfort when flying at high over-the-weather altitudes, the Beechcraft KING AIR can also operate economically at normal altitudes. It doesn't have to cruise at high alti-



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The World Is Small
When You Fly A

Beechcraft



The Volkswagen Station Wagon: Bigger than the biggest, smaller than the smallest.

Even if you own the biggest conventional station wagon in the market, it holds much less than the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

On the other hand, even if you own the smallest conventional wagon, it's too big to park where a VW can park.

This weird fact can be explained simply enough. The more space you waste, the less you have left.

Conventional wagons waste space by having engines under long hoods to fit.

But the Volkswagen engine is neatly out of sight in back. It wastes no space at all. (That same model's V-8 engine gets you about 20 mpg. And it doesn't use water or antifreeze because it's cooled by air.)

The VW Station Wagon has more in less space because it is box, all box and

nothing but box.

If you wanted a regular station wagon that carried as much as a VW Station Wagon, you couldn't do it.

You'd have to buy two of the big ones to carry as much as our little one.

Which is too ridiculous to discuss any further.

SCIENCE

SPACE EXPLORATION

The Full Picture from Mars

Mariner IV, the agile U.S. spacecraft designed to take the measure of Mars, has lived up to every expectation. At Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory last week, the last worries vanished: there was no longer any concern that the ship's tape recorder might have gone haywire during part of its historic pass at the red planet. As soon as the eleventh picture came through, JPL monitors knew that all was well. Mariner got all the 21 pictures it went after—plus a bonus: 22 lines of a 22nd picture, which might show the dark edge of Mars.

Although the first three pictures have already been released, no decision has been made on the publication of the rest of the shots. Under extremely close security, JPL picture experts are now poring over the fine print of the digital data and putting each picture through five or six different processes to accentuate whatever features showed up. To make doubly sure that they have extracted all possible information, JPL scientists may let Mariner retransmit all its picture signals for comparative study. After that, the distant ship should be able to send additional scientific measurements from the uncharted reaches beyond Mars.

TECHNOLOGY

A Handy Wrench for Space

With its pistol grip and nubby barrel, the instrument looks like the handy ray gun with which Buck Rogers and Wilma used to zap Killer Kane. It is actually a space-age wrench. Cordless and battery-powered, it was designed by Martin Marietta as a zero-reaction power tool to be used by astronauts for turning nuts and bolts in the weightless conditions of space.

Using an ordinary wrench for such an ordinary job would throw an astronaut for a loop. Newton's third law of motion is an inexorable reminder that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Thus, in a state of weightlessness, without gravity to an-

chor the man, an astronaut attempting to put together a space station while in orbit could not hope to use anything as simple as the big wrench with which a car driver changes tires. Every time he tried to exert pressure on nut or bolt, he would turn in the opposite direction. Martin's new tool, which will be tested on later Gemini flights, is designed to eliminate such reaction almost entirely.

The spaceman's wrench, 10½ in. long, 9 in. high and 5 in. wide across the motor housing, has a built-in reaction absorber. When the astronaut presses the trigger, the motor near the handle compresses a spring with a brief quick twist. As the spring expands, it turns the hollow cylinder that surrounds it. Compression and release of the spring occur alternately, 1,800 times a second. The turning force of the cylindrical mass is what turns the operating end of the wrench. The rapid rotation and counterrotation of cylinder and motor all but cancel each other out and absorb about 96% of the reaction. This is more than enough to enable an astronaut to turn a nut without being turned himself.

ASTRONOMY

The Twinkle Belt

No phenomenon of nature is too small to escape the curiosity of modern science, not even the twinkle of distant little stars. Astronomers call it scintillation. But putting a name to the faint flicker has hardly served to explain it.

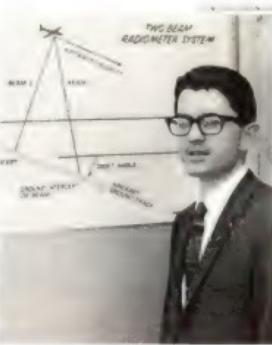
For many years astronomers assumed that scintillation was due to variations in the refraction of starlight as it passed through turbulent regions of the earth's atmosphere. But they were never able to establish the existence of a particular region or the exact meteorological conditions involved in the effect. An experiment by the Sandia Corp. of Albuquerque, N. Mex., reports Physicist Craig C. Hudson in *Nature*, has finally confirmed the occurrence of the twinkling layer in the outer atmosphere.

The Sandia scientists twice lofted beacon lights up to 65,000 ft. and allowed them to drift down by parachute through the part of the atmosphere that was suspected of causing twinkling. Each descent was continuously observed with a 16-in. tracking telescope equipped to record the scintillations. The scientists concluded that 80% of the high-frequency scintillation occurs in a layer of atmosphere about 5,000 ft. deep, at altitudes of between 30,000 ft. and 45,000 ft.

But why there? The question still has scientists stumped. The variations in the wind speed on the twinkling layer were no greater than in nearby regions. In a follow-up experiment now in progress, the scientists plan to make their next check on temperature and pressure fluctuations as possible causes of twinkling starlight.



MARTIN'S ZERO-REACTION TOOL
Novelty from Newton.



NORTHROP'S CAMPBELL
Silence from stargazers.

ELECTRONICS

Low-Flying Navigator

Low-level bombing in bad weather is a deadly job. The same radar used to find targets can help a plane to navigate safely past hills or mountains, but it may also alert defenders equipped to pick up its blips. Navigation with the help of ground-based radio-beam transmitters can rarely be counted on over enemy territory. What pilots need is a system that will lead them along their chosen route without signaling their presence to enemy trackers.

To supply a "silent" electronic navigation system, Northrop engineers, led by James Campbell, project manager, have borrowed a technique that radio astronomers use to study the sun and the planets. They are tuning in on the faint thermal radio waves that are emitted by every natural body, whether celestial or earthly. At altitudes of less than 1,000 ft., a pair of highly directional antennas pick up that radiation from objects below the plane. And since one antenna points behind the other, it picks up the same radiation at a slightly later time. That time lag, along with the plane's altitude, supplies enough information for an on-board computer to calculate the plane's ground speed.

If a cross-wind is causing the plane to drift sideways, the pilot may have to swing the rear antenna to right or left before it picks up the proper pattern of ground radiation. In that case, the amount of antenna swing is also fed into the computer, which then cranks the drift angle into its computations. Working with direction, ground speed, drift angle and flight time from a known point of departure, the pilot's computer becomes an accurate navigator.

Known as microwave radiometry, the system would be less vulnerable to the enemy than radar, and much less expensive than inertial navigational systems. It has thus far been shrouded in military secrecy, but it is no secret that it holds obvious advantages for planes on low-flying bombing missions.



WALTER KENNEDY

CONFEREEES* AT THE WHITE HOUSE
A breed of innovators, reaching for ideas and support.

POLICY

Prelude to a New Push

Buoyed by the ease with which he secured one of the most far-reaching federal-aid-to-education acts in U.S. history, Lyndon Johnson last week assembled some 700 of the nation's most imaginative educators and nonacademic civic leaders for a White House Conference on Education. The size and scope of the two-day meeting led to one clear conclusion: the nation's top teacher is planning another big federal push into education, perhaps next year, and is reaching for both ideas and support.

It was the first such conference since Dwight Eisenhower called one ten years ago. Yet there were major differences—notably in the men assembled to scrutinize the nation's schooling. Eisenhower's conference was dominated by public-school administrators, school-board representatives, and such vested interests as the National Education Association. More in evidence at the Johnson meeting was a new breed of outside innovators, such as Carnegie Corp. President John Gardner who served as chairman; U.S. Education Commissioner Francis Keppel, who does not even hold a graduate degree; and a host of university-oriented reformers, ranging from James B. Conant to President John H. Fischer of Columbia University's Teachers College.

New Concerns. Educators' concerns have also shifted dramatically in the decade. The most debated issue in 1955 was the role of the Federal Government in public-school education; this year's conferees took federal involvement for granted. The earlier conference concentrated on such grand and general topics as what schools should teach and what were the nation's educational goals. More pragmatic in nature were the 18 themes—ranging from dropouts to teacher training—discussed this year during the sectional meetings held at Washington's Statler-Hilton. Underlying them all was an issue scarcely discussed a decade ago: how to equalize the educational opportunity of the Negro.

EDUCATION

Panel members eagerly heeded the admonition of Chairman Gardner that they were there "not to be lectured at but to be heard." The topic that stirred the conference's loudest and sharpest clash was the notion that federal grants may be followed by federal testing to assess educational results. Warned Commissioner Keppel: "The nation's taxpayers and their representatives in Congress will want to know—and have every right to know—whether that investment is paying off." John I. Goodlad, director of U.C.L.A.'s University Elementary School, proposed a highly selective sample testing of a representative few students and the use of computers to break the results into age groups, regions and types of schools. The aim: to rate groups not individuals, and thus pinpoint educational "soft spots."

Some conferees were not impressed. "We have two monsters now: College Entrance Examinations and Merit Scholarship tests," protested St. Paul School Superintendent Donald Dunnan. "They are keeping the young from developing anything except intellectual conformity." The U.S., insisted former Sarah Lawrence President Harold Taylor, should "abolish all this testing and concentrate on teaching."

Everything Upside-Down. A grim picture emerged of unchecked decline in the quality of big-city schools. Administrators, it was charged, are failing

Seated, from left: Ralph Tyler, Director of Center for Advanced Study in Behavioral Sciences, Stanford; Comant; President Johnson; Radcliffe President Mary Bunting; New York State Commissioner of Education James E. Allen; Standing: Keppel; Columbia University Economics Professor Eli Ginzberg; University of Minnesota President O. Meredith Wilson; President Harold Gores of New York's Educational Facilities Laboratories; Pittsburgh School Superintendent Sidney Marland; Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze; Columbia University Education Professor Lawrence Cremin; North Carolina's ex-Governor Terry Sanford; Gardner; National Urban Executive League Director Whitney Younce; Maine's Governor John Reed.

to face the implications of the sociological revolution now under way in U.S. urban life. A primary need, many scholars agreed, is top executive and intellectual talent on big-city boards of education. "Everything is upside-down," summed up former Political Science Professor Hubert Humphrey. "The better schools are in the better areas, and the poor schools are in the poor areas. I'm not asking that those on the top receive less. But a nation which believes in justice must see that those on the bottom receive more."

The conferees saw no surefire means to solve the central problem of urban change: school segregation, which has merely shifted focus from legally enforced separation to *de facto* segregation. Nearly every metropolitan area reports an increase in segregated schools as a result of housing patterns. For a start, proposed Pittsburgh School Superintendent Sidney Marland Jr., there ought to be a drastic redrawing of school districts in major cities and their suburbs.

Only Nibbling. What is obviously needed is fresh approaches to such problems. Yet, noted Keppel, "We have been nibbling at innovation." The educators agreed that new ideas in teaching are tried out in only 15% of the nation's schools, and that teachers should have more freedom to experiment.

After announcing an innovation of his own—worldwide fellowships for work by students at the U.N.—as a memorial to Adlai Stevenson—President Johnson pledged himself to take on an immense amount of homework. He promised to read all the reports emerging from the conference.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Cradle-to-College Struggle

Classes may be out for most of the nation's youngsters, but for many parents the plotting and pushing to wedge their children into the right schools is a year-round ordeal. As urban public schools become increasingly flawed by overcrowded classes, poorly prepared teachers and racial imbalance, many

young couples are undergoing an ordeal even tougher than the college-admissions scramble; it is the cradle-to-college struggle to get their kids into a big-city private school.

Nowhere is the competition as keen as in New York City, which boasts more (111), and more diverse, private schools than any other city in the country. The rigidly classical Lycée Français has a curriculum similar to the one used in French schools, while the off-beat Rudolf Steiner School is based on anthroposophical principles. Progressive Dalton gives no marks, teaches anthropology and playwriting to upper-classmen, while prim, socially prominent Hewitt rules that students cannot attend "parties, moving pictures or the theater" on school nights.

Infant Application. The only easy way to gain entrance to most of these schools is by birth, although even admission by legacy is no longer automatic. Buckley, perhaps the most society-conscious of the city's schools for boys, encourages parents to apply when their children are born, and most of the top schools book their classes far in advance on a first-come, first-considered basis. Even acquiring an application form is competitive; Allen-Stevenson, which graduates only a dozen boys a year, does not send a blank unless it gets satisfactory telephoned answers to nine questions. The most important: "Who recommended the school to you?" and "What school is the boy attending now?"

That kind of question, in turn, sets parents off on a preliminary battle to get their children into the best of the city's private nursery schools (cost: \$550 a year and up). Chapin, for example, likes graduates of nursery schools run by the Episcopal Church

of the Heavenly Rest (irreverent parents dub it "the celestial snooze") and by the Brick Presbyterian Church. Prudent parents apply to at least three nursery schools, since they cannot be sure that they or their child will pass the tough admission interviews. One worried couple hired a tutor to teach their boy how to cope with coloring books.

"**Kiss of Death.**" Even after the proper nursery school, many parents apply to some ten or more private schools, steel themselves again for more interviews. They must step gingerly, since the test of admission is often not so much whether the school is right for the child, but whether the parents are right for the school. The key to acceptance often lies in the references they supply for their child, influential names collected from family friends or at cocktail parties and business lunches. But an admissions director deluged with reference letters may observe the old rule of thumb that "a thick folder indicates a thick boy." An edge is conceded to parents with prominent names or prominent bank accounts; yet any hint that they are trying to buy their way in, explains Henry D. Tiffany Jr., headmaster of Allen-Stevenson, "is practically the kiss of death."

The price of private schooling comes high. Tuition runs up to \$900 a year at the Roman Catholic Convent of the Sacred Heart, attended by Caroline Kennedy and housed in the Fifth Avenue palace built by Banker Otto Kahn. Brearley, academically the top school for girls, charges up to \$1,650. Then, of course, there are extras: at Hewitt, riding lessons in Central Park cost \$165 a year. The price of midmorning orange juice is \$15 a year at Saint David's, where the sons of Negro Jazz Pianist Billy Taylor Jr. and Publisher William

Randolph Hearst Jr., learn italic handwriting with "John-John" Kennedy. In addition, parents are expected to chip in handsomely on the annual fund drives, from which private schools get 20% of their income. The cost of all this leads one school principal to wonder: "I honestly don't know what some families plan to live on."

Manners Over Math. With as many as ten applicants for every pupil who can be admitted, at least a few private schools have been lazily content to teach manners better than math. Some parents whose children have gone to both private and public schools argue that the few good public schools, such as the famed Bronx High School of Science—which are also hard to get into—are as good or better. The real appeal of some private schools, they claim, is parental desire to have their children study ABC's alongside little Rockefellers or Kennedys, and thus put a tiny foot in the door to New York society.

But, as a group the private schools are academically far superior. Most offer small classes (no more than 20), imaginative teaching and tough competition. Brearley selects its girls for their academic promise rather than social prominence; approaches the excellence of such a boarding school for boys as Andover. Buckley, which has attracted generations of Roosevelts, has pioneered a new elementary reading program. The Convent of the Sacred Heart requires its first-graders to study French, memorize such poems as Blake's "Little Lamb, who made thee?", sends its older girls out on social work one afternoon weekly. Fieldston's 660 kids enjoy an 18-acre campus in the Bronx, a curriculum strong in arts, crafts, music and ethics (compulsory every year). Two of the oldest schools in the land, Collegiate (founded in 1638) and Trinity (1709), cling to their traditions of classical schooling, also boast student bodies of high IQ ratings.



TRINITY



BUCKLEY



BREARLEY



COURTYARD AT SACRED HEART

A coveted opportunity for children of promise and prominence.

ART

PAINTING

Midsummer Night's Dreamer (See Cover)

In the azure light that angles steeply down the slopes above the French Riviera, a sparkling transluence seizes nature. Rocks seem sodden with gold, flowers bloom like dabs on a palette, even grass glistens greener. This light takes hold of a man too. For Painter Marc Chagall, it is a daily baptism in color, an immersion in what is natural, unrestrained, and miraculously innocent.

Chagall has been a part of Chagall's routine all his life. The country pleases him more than the city; and since 1950, he has lived in rustic Vence, an ancient town of Roman origins perched in the Maritime Alps. Each day, he sorties from the garden of his white-walled studio house, *Les Collines* (The Hills), past the orange trees whose fruit lie rotting on the ground, along lines of spear-like cypresses and sun-baked terraces exploding with olive trees, down to Avenue Henri Matisse, then cuts off to rocky, flower-lined paths unknown to tourists. After an hour, he emerges, sweat pearlring on his pale forehead, but refreshed and ready for work.

Love Life Joyfully. For Chagall, to sniff the humid scent of fruit, hear the cicadas crackling in the bushes, and feel the feverish sun is a necessary daily act of spiritual rebirth. Not that he attempts to imitate nature; rather, he aims to continue it into the realm of the mind. "In the abstract," he says, "one imitates but does not continue nature. Great art picks up where nature ends." And for him, there is neither world enough nor time to transmute all that he sees, breathes and dreams. "I have no vacations, just as the earth has no vacations," he says. "The earth keeps turning all the time, and we turn all the time—even when we are dead. The earth does not sleep. It turns with us." And remarkably, at the age of 78, Chagall turns ever faster, feeling ever closer to the rhythm of nature.

If there is an occasional cloud, it is the thought of how swiftly time has flown since he first arrived, a bedazzled Russian Jew, to greet Paris a full half-century ago. Of the pre-World War I luminaries that were then his contemporaries—the Frenchmen Braque, Matisse, Léger, Rouault, Delaunay, Villon, the Spaniard Juan Gris, the Rumanian Sculptor Brancusi, the Italian Modigliani, the Russians Kandinsky and Soutine—only Picasso, now 83, remains of those who gave the School of Paris its

start. Of the two principal survivors, Picasso is the most protean and cerebral, Chagall the most constant champion of the heart.

Critics have always hailed Chagall's early inventive flights of fantasy, often comparing him to Stravinsky in music, but the art establishment until recently has tended to judge his major accomplishments over by 1922. His popularity, however, remained undimmed for the broadly buying art public, who often preferred his graphic works to Picasso's. Even those who have charged



CHAGALL OUTSIDE VENCE HOUSE
A daily act of rebirth.

him with sentimentality have never accused him of indifference to mankind. Only belatedly have museums realized that the history of modern art would seem vacuously cold without Chagall's tender, sometimes desperate exhortation to love life joyfully. "It's absolutely essential to have him," says Los Angeles County Museum Director Richard Brown. Adds a London dealer: "The one painter sought by all museums is Chagall. He has already become an old master."

As the chronology of his art shows (see color pages), few modern artists have passed through so many seasons of art with such persistent vision. For Chagall has lived through all the century's artistic isms, from cubism and surrealism to tachisme, and embraced none. Instead he has remained steadfast in the pursuit of his own midsum-

mer night's dream, emptying it and re-empting it, until it has become a distillation, universal in its appeal. Today his art is enjoyed by millions all over the world—whenever they pick up one of the books he illustrated, pray in the sanctuaries he has touched with color, or listen to the music graced by his scenes and settings.

Rainbow Period. The man who has presented his work as a bouquet to the world is now just entering his rainbow period. His colors, blinding enough in his beginnings to win the approval of the German expressionists, grow steadily stronger. He is so well known today that even French working girls recognize him as "*le type* who paints cows that fly."

There are pots of gold, too, to grace his rainbow period. Museums, which were at first slow to acquire his paintings, now find them skyrocketing out of sight and pocket. Today his oils regularly fetch from \$50,000 to \$55,000, and his record auction price of \$82,500 last April has already been nearly doubled in private sales. His original signed and numbered lithographs bring up to \$1,200; his watercolors are priced as high as \$15,000.

Chagall's reaction to all this is to work harder. "He takes so many commissions so that he will not have time to die," says a New York dealer and longtime friend. Although Chagall does not seek them out, he now finds himself engulfed with the monumental public commissions that rarely come to crown the career of a great artist. Only in his 60s did he learn to stain glass. Since then, in a torrent of production, he has done two windows for the Metz Cathedral, followed by twelve windows for the Hadassah Medical Center's synagogue in Jerusalem. Last fall he finished a memorial glass panel at the United Nations for the late Dag Hammarskjöld and another for the Rockefeller family's church. In total, his stained glass immeasurably enriches this century's wealth in an arcane craft. He has tackled another long-neglected art: weavers in the famous Gobelins tapestry works are even now finishing a triptych of Old Testament hangings for Israel's Knesset.

Magic Flutist. By far his most thrilling public work was the commission assigned him by France's Minister of Culture André Malraux, to redecorate the ceiling at the Paris Opéra. This vast pantheon to music swirls with 2,153 sq. ft. of ballet dancers, firebirds and blossoms banked like clouds in hot Midi colors that triumph over the surrounding Second Empire gilt moldings (TIME, Nov. 6). In the mural he painted the face of his old friend Malraux—the gesture of a Renaissance artist paying homage to his patron. But as a grateful adopted son of France, Chagall made a truly princely gesture: he presented the ceiling, a year's labor, to France as a gift. Without fanfare, Chagall often turns up at opera per-

A HALF-CENTURY OF CHAGALL



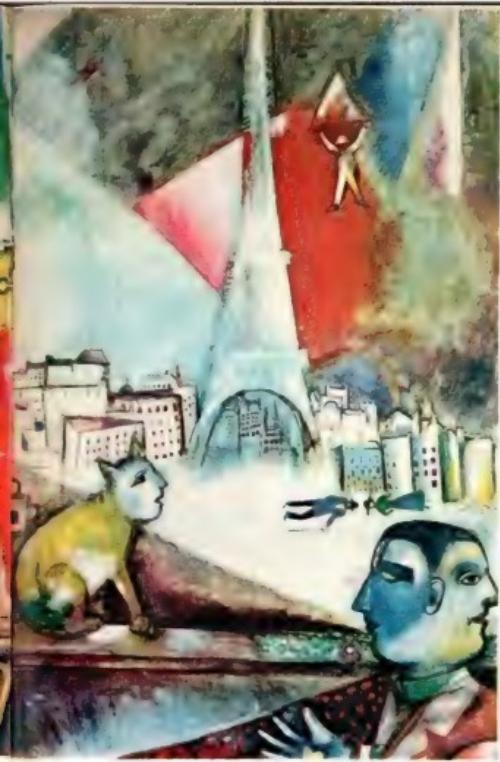
EARLY WORK, painted in 1911 when Chagall was 24, and titled *I and the Village*, shows all the flaming colors, whirling plan and folk images that were to become the hallmarks of his style.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

PARIS THROUGH THE WINDOW (1913) is Chagall's fantasy view of his adopted city. Today he calls the parachutist "a precursor of the cosmonauts."

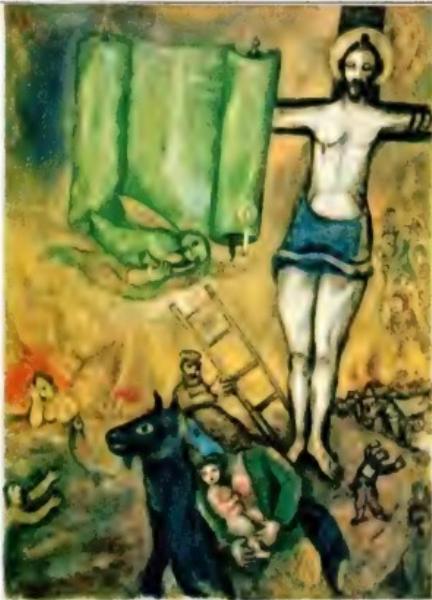


DOUBLE PORTAIT (1918) joyously toasts marriage to childhood love Bella. Angel is daughter Ida.



THE GREEN VIOLINIST shows fiddler on roof of Russian village that reels to syncopated rhythm of the melodious duet of violet and viridian.

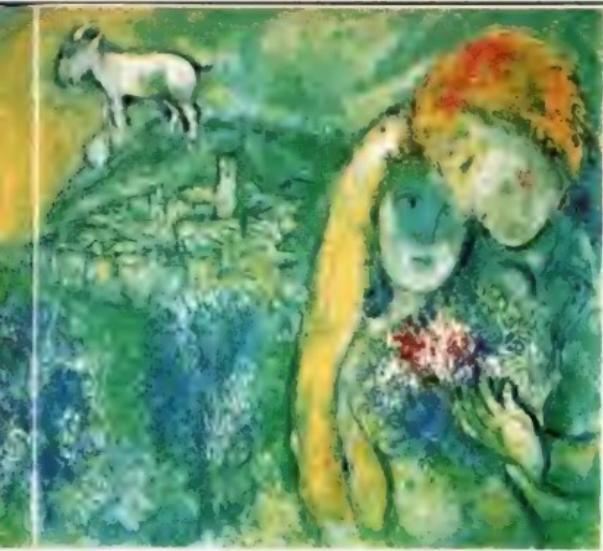
SELF-PORTRAIT WITH SEVEN FINGERS (1912), done during heyday of cubism, shows painter encircled by images of Paris and Russia deformed by Chagall for his own poetic purposes.



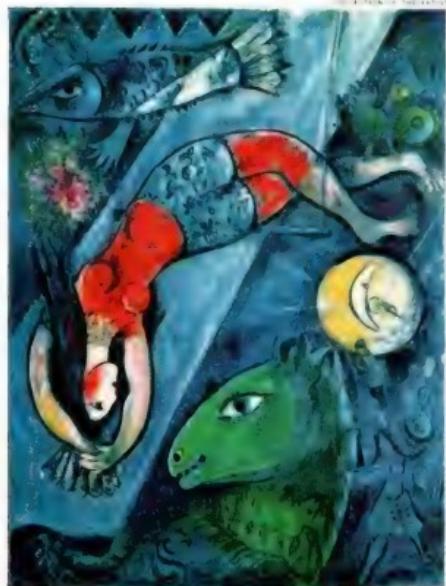
YELLOW CRUCIFIXION
(1943), painted in New York,
echoes the tragedy of the war.



THE FALLING ANGEL, finished in 1947, was 24 years in making, is inflamed vision of a world awry.



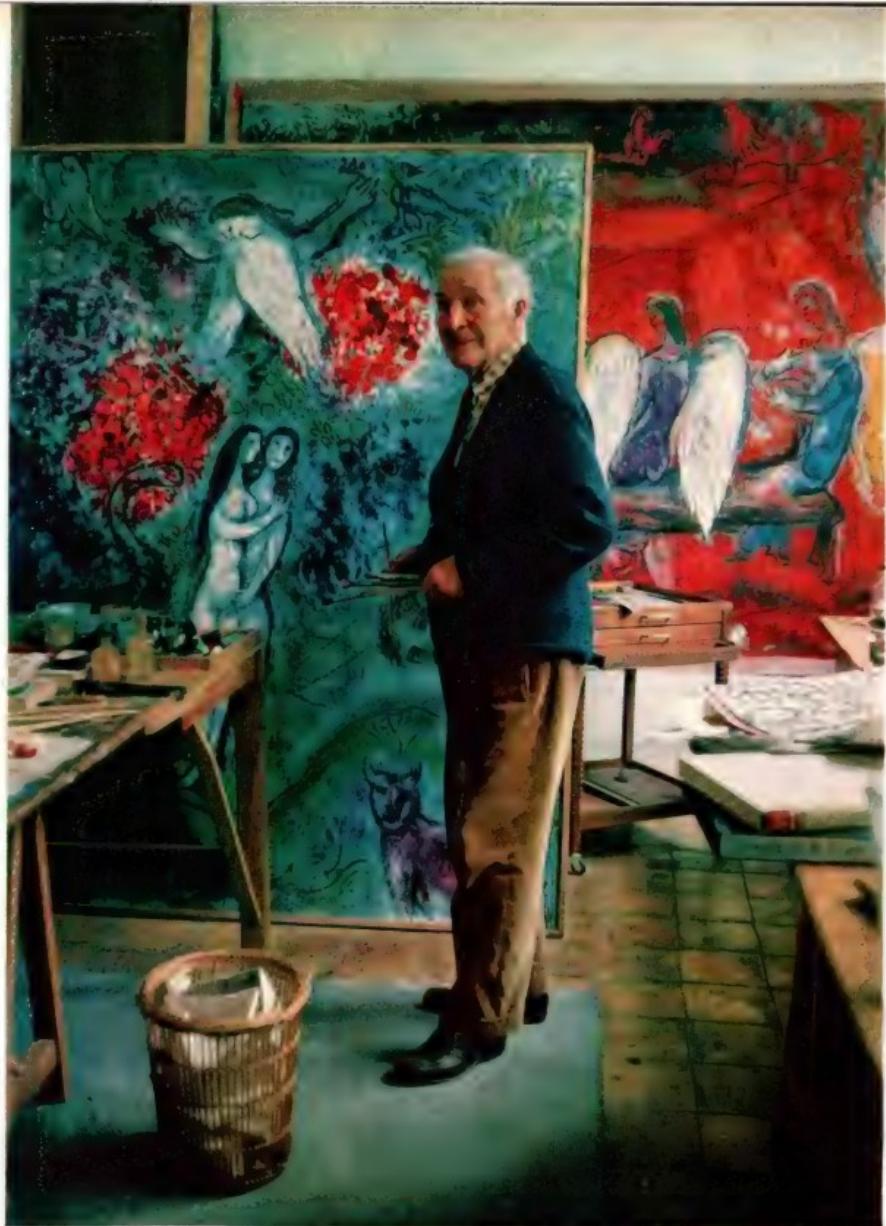
THE LOVERS OF VENCE (1957) embrace tenderly in Côte d'Azur idyl before hilltop town where Chagall lives.



BLUE CIRCUS (1950) recaptures love of music and merriment that entranced him as a child.

THE CREATION OF MAN (1956-58), with Adam carried by an angel, combines Christian with Jewish symbols.





IN HIS STUDIO IN VENCE, which Chagall finds "calm, idyllic, beautiful," the painter stands surrounded by recent canvases inspired by Biblical themes.

formances, whips out a spyglass to study his masterpiece furiously.

Now he has turned to another opera house. For New York's new Metropolitan at the Lincoln Center, he is designing more than 75 costumes and 13 sets for its forthcoming production of Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. And when the Met opens in 1966, its faade will boast a brace of 30-ft. by 35-ft. murals, swarming with the turbulent will-o'-the-wisps of his own endless fantasy. From their vantage on the Met's grand tier, the over-two-story-high murals will glow through the glassed vaults to dominate a city vista more spacious than the Piazza San Marco in Venice.

Icons of Youth. Such magnificence is a far cry from the provincial Russian ghetto town of Vitebsk in which Chagall grew up, the eldest among eight sisters and one brother. To support the family, his father manhandled herring barrels for a livelihood. Life was harsh in Vitebsk, but he remembers his father, who changed his name from Segal to Chagall (Marc added the second / for euphony in French), as a good provider, a "simple heart, poetic and muted." Sheltered by the Jewish commandment against graven images, the young dreamer never saw so much as a drawing until, one day, he watched a schoolmate copying a magazine illustration. When he was ridiculed for his astonishment, "it roused a hymn in me," and he began copying and improvising from magazines.

The Russian icon with its blank-eyed stare and stiff frontal figures was, next to shop signs, the art he knew best. Those Eastern images lean away from pictorial realism toward symbolism, and he loved them, as he says, because they are both "magical and unreal."

Eventually he wheeled his parents into letting him study at real art schools: first, with a provincial portraitist and genre painter auspiciously named Pen, later at an academy in St. Petersburg. He proved an apt pupil, but from the beginning found his own world of fantasy in the unlikely, barren, mud-splattered town of his birth. For to Chagall, even Vitebsk's corrugated iron roofs were beautiful. "All about us—churches, fences, shops, synagogues—simple and eternal," he wrote, "like the buildings in the frescoes of Giotto." Just as Dublin provided a lifelong source of art for James Joyce, Chagall has returned endlessly to Vitebsk. Recalling his youth in a fanciful autobiography, *My Life*, written in 1922 when he was 35, he established in its opening sentences his immense empathy for his folk origins. "The first thing I ever saw," he wrote, "was a trough. Simple, square, half hollow, half oval. A market trough. Once inside, I filled it completely."

Fiddler on the Roof. Even everyday happenings became magical when viewed through the lens of his poetic eye. And indeed the alternately joyful and mournful Hasidic community in which he lived furnished enough materi-

al for any youngster's imaginings. There was his grandfather, a butcher who once disappeared during a Jewish festival, was later discovered sitting on a rooftop, quietly munching carrots. There was Uncle Neuch, who "played the violin like a shoemaker," (later Chagall was to say that he works on his pictures from all sides, "as shoemakers do.") And there were the commonplaces that usher a young boy into adulthood.

One such event later became the subject of his first real masterpiece, *The Dead Man*, painted in 1908 when he was 21. It shows a corpse lying in the street surrounded by candles. Near by, a woman shrieks. In the distance is Uncle Neuch, fiddling on the rooftop of a store bearing a shoemaker's sign. Wrote Chagall of the actual incident: "The dead man, solemnly sad is already laid out on the floor, his face illuminated by six

closest friend at the time was the Swiss-born poet Blaise Cendrars, whom Chagall let title some of his paintings. In return, Cendrars drew his word portrait of the artist in 1913:

He's asleep

He's awake

Right away he's painting

He grabs a church and paints with the church

He grabs a cow and paints with the cow

With a sardine

With heads, hands, knives

He paints with an ox tail

With all the dirty passion of a little Jewish town

With all the exuberant sexuality of provincial Russia.

No Square Peas. With such paintings as *I and the Village*, done in 1911, Chagall launched his own inimitable



CHAGALL SKETCH OF HIS PARENTS (1911)

Images that beckon contemplation and build dreams.

candles. In the end, they carry him away. Our street is no longer the same. I do not recognize it." The encounter with death bent his brush to his first flurries of forceful expressionism.

Into the Beehive. Folk art might have proved Chagall's finale. But in 1910, a St. Petersburg lawyer named Vinaver became his first important patron, paid for a trip to Paris and sent him a handsome allowance of 125 francs (in those days about \$24) each month. East and West met in Chagall's art in Paris after he visited the Salon d'Automne. There, Bonnard, Matisse and dozens more enthralled him. The process of melding the illogical, emotional art of Russia with the logical discipline of the School of Paris began.

He found a studio near Montparnasse in *La Ruche* ("The Beehive"), a famous two-sided wooden structure divided into wedge-shaped rooms. Chaim Soutine, a fellow Russian Jew, and Modigliani lived on the same floor, but Chagall, still diffident and unsure, preferred to pal around with poets. His

style. The painting blazes with a spectrum that vaults beyond the impressionists' naturalistic colored light and into a mystic realm. The imagery performs flip-flops, a peasant woman turns topsy below inverted roofs. Perspective is abandoned to a personal scale that adjusts the size of images to their importance. So a huge cow and a man nuzzle, centering on a vortex of color that abolishes depth. Like the flat saints of old Russian icons, his images beckon contemplation, summoning memories from the mind. It is the scenery of a child building dreams in a darkened bedroom.

Chagall learned some of the discipline of the cubists. But he resisted their dissection of form. "Let them eat their fill of their square peas on their triangular tables!" he wrote. Nevertheless, something of Cartesian logic crept into his fantasies; his pictures took on orderly geometry; his images lost traditional figure-ground relationships and, instead, flattened against the picture plane in search of purely visual values. Said Chagall: "For me, a painting is a



THE ARTIST AT 20



CHAGALL PAINTING BELLA (1934)
From commissar to old master.

surface covered with representations of things—objects, animals, human beings—in a certain order in which logic and illustration have no importance."

Cubism, however, was queen of art at the time; Chagall, who only knew Picasso casually, was out of the swim. His paintings at the Salon des Indépendants drew little acclaim and no money. Today, his paintings of 1910-14 are the most valuable and the most fascinating to art historians, who see in them the first stirrings of surrealism. The first person to recognize them at the time was Guillaume Apollinaire, poet and influential art critic, who muttered that Chagall was "supernatural." Apollinaire rushed home to dash off a poem titled *Roszoye* (a poetic moniker, deliberately foreign-sounding, by which he addressed Chagall), describing him as having hair like "the trolley cable across Europe arrayed in little many-colored fires." He did Chagall a better favor by instigating a show in 1914 in Berlin. It was a sensation with the German expressionists.

Patriotic Bunting. Chagall continued back to Vitebsk from Berlin, then war broke out leaving his work cached in Paris and Berlin. Once home, he married his childhood sweetheart, the darkly sensual Bella Rosenfeld, Moscow-educated daughter of a wealthy merchant. It was the great love of his life, and he celebrated it in his exuberant 1918 *Double Portrait with a Wineglass*, in which a violet-stockinged Bella holds the artist up in the air, lifting him joyously above the streets, while an angel representing their daughter Ida hovers overhead.

In that same year, Chagall was made commissioner of fine arts in Vitebsk by the newly formed Soviet government, and as a commissar he rapidly demonstrated that he was a divine idiot. He called for "revolutionary painters" and peppered the local party press with commissary exhortations. His vision of

the revolution was to make "ordinary houses into museums and the average citizen into a creator." Imagining that all the house painters of his native town were repressed artists, he spurred them on to decorating its draft buildings with folk imagery. When his superiors arrived from Moscow to find the walls covered with Chagallesque cows sailing through the sky instead of the standard portraits of Marx and Lenin, Chagall discovered belatedly that the Communists wanted art to be as pragmatic as a tractor. Everything rained on his parade: when he decked out the town with 50,000 ft. of patriotic red bunting, Izvestia wondered sarcastically how many much-needed suits of underwear could have been made of it.

The Last Ism. Soviet critics, too, were soon after Chagall's hide, dubbing his misbegotten revolution in art a "mystic and formalistic bacchanal." But the purge came from the quartet he least expected. He had hired two painters, Malevich and Lissitzky, members of the suprematist school of painting, to teach in Vitebsk's Free Academy. One day he returned from Moscow to find that they had taken over the school, and based its new curriculum on their brand of geometrical abstraction and pure objectivity.

Thoroughly routed at home, he left for Moscow in 1920 to turn his attention to the theater, painting murals for Moscow's Kamenny State Jewish Theater and designing sets and costumes for adaptations of Sholem Aleichem's satirical tales. But his sets for Sygne's *Playboy of the Western World*, combining geometry, Hebrew characters and dislocated figures in iconographic puzzles, were rejected as not naturalistic enough by the Moscow Art Theater. And so, having rejected all the isms of Paris, Chagall found himself rejected by Communism. In 1922, Chagall left Russia with \$20, clad in khaki trousers

provided by Hoover relief. Bella and his six-year-old daughter Ida followed. He never returned.

He stopped in Berlin long enough to discover that in place of 40 oils and 160 smaller works he had left with a dealer, there were one million worthless reichsmarks—at the same time that a single Chagall was being auctioned for a hundred times more. And, when he got to Paris, the canvases locked up in his *La Rue de la Paix* studio were gone. They had been sold into private hands, and his reputation had spread with them. He was famous at last—and dead broke.

Dead Souls & Fables. To Chagall's astonishment, he also found himself heralded as one of the fathers of surrealism. Painters saw in his double-headed man in *Paris Through the Window* (1913), in his dream imagery and topsy-turvy juxtaposition of men and beasts the very quality that they were striving for. Proclaimed Surrealism's high priest, André Breton: "With Chagall alone, the metaphor made its triumphant return into modern painting." In 1923, a surrealist delegation of Max Ernst, Paul Eluard and Gala (now Salvador Dalí's wife) actually knelt before Chagall, begging him to join their ranks. Another ism! He refused. "I want an art of the earth and not merely an art of the head," he said, and isolated himself in the French landscape.

A curious Arcadian peace settled down over Chagall during his middle years. Ambroise Vollard, the famous Paris art dealer who had shepherded Cézanne, Bonnard and Gauguin, sensed the iconographer in the Russian expatriate and set him to the task of illustrating Gogol's *Dead Souls*. Enthusiastically, Chagall mastered the new medium of etching. It gave him financial security and widened his popularity. The results, in their innocent whimsy, were an instant success, leading Dealer Vollard to commission the artist to illustrate the *Fable of La Fontaine*. That a Russian Jew should illustrate a French classic created a scandal in those days. But Vollard knew that the oriental origins of La Fontaine's 17th century tales could best be pictured with Chagall's folk-tinged, modern icons. He did a hundred gouaches in color for the book, but they were too subtle in hue to reproduce: so he redid them all as etchings in black and white.

Ask the Impossible. By far his most challenging adventure in graphics was Vollard's commission to illustrate the Bible. To prepare, Chagall wanted to visit the Holy Land, but Vollard said, "Don't bother! Why not go instead to the Place Pigalle?" He went to Palestine anyway in 1931, just as he traveled to Holland in 1932 to study Rembrandt, to Spain in 1934 to study El Greco, to Poland in 1935 to examine Nazi-threatened Jewish traditions, and to Italy in 1937 to study the early Renaissance. By the time of Vollard's death in 1939,

Chagall had completed 66 plates for the Bible. In 1957, his *Bible* was published with 105 plates, honest, human, without halos, always proceeding from God's word to the image. These ventures into the graphic arts alone would have ensured his eminence, for he had mastered etching and lithography like a master printer. No detail was too small. One artisan recalls that Chagall pointed out a minuscule mistake in the first strike of a lithograph, after three months reviewed the proof and immediately demanded to know why the error had not been corrected. Says he, "Chagall always asks the impossible."

The Nazi onslaught caught Chagall in Vichy France, preoccupied with his work. He was loath to leave, even when the Emergency Rescue Committee urged him to come to the U.S. Recalls Varian Fry, the committee's agent, "He wanted to know if there were any cows in America. I assured him that we had not only cows but goats too." "We have all that," said Fry. "I told him that New York City was only a part of the U.S. and even there was green grass. Chagall was enormously relieved." Fry rescued him from a police roundup of Jews in Marseille, packed him, his family, and 3,500 lbs. of his art works on board a transatlantic ship. The day before he arrived in New York City, June 23, 1941, the Nazis attacked Russia. The U.S. provided a wartime haven and a climate of liberty for Chagall. Manhattan, where he eventually found an apartment off Fifth Avenue, stunned him as "this Babylon." The artist never managed to learn English, but he and his wife made their home a center for other expatriates.

Hemorrhaging Angel. In 1942, choreographer Leonide Massine, a fellow Russian, got him to design costumes and sets for the New York Ballet Theater's production of *Aleko*. Critic Emily Genauer recalls walking in on the two while they were trying to explore the project. Tchaikovsky's trumpets blared over a record player, while Massine dragged Chagall around the room in an unbelievable *pas de deux*. Yet somehow the collaboration worked. The première, which took place in Mexico in 1942, was a smash success.

Yet Chagall could not long escape into the world of theater and ballet. The disasters of war inflamed him, and in 1943 he painted the *Yellow Crucifixion*. Amidst acidic yellows and greens, Vittebsk burns, a ship sinks, a ladder is half-posed to remove Christ from the Cross. In his *Falling Angel*, begun in 1923 and not finished until 1947, the whole world violently disintegrates, with a rabbi fleeing with the Torah and an angel hemorrhaging down through a tempest-torn sky.

Guidon of Life. Chagall, too, was to suffer. In September 1944, Bella came down with a strep throat while summing in upstate New York. He rushed

her to a hospital in the Adirondacks, where, hampered by his fragmentary English, they were turned away with the excuse that the hour was too late. The next day she died. It took him nine months to begin painting again; in the meantime, he helped his daughter translate Bella's own memoirs of Russia, *Burning Lights*. Then, in 1945, he had recovered enough to begin work on the sets and costumes for Stravinsky's *The Firebird*. The curtain for the ballet lots a bare-breasted Bella in the embrace of a giant bird, her head upside down and holding a bouquet. It was probably his greatest theatrical production, disturbing, profound and an ultimate memorial from the bereaved painter.

He waited for three years after the war before returning to France. With him went a slender, married English girl, Virginia Haggard MacNeil, a theosophist and vegetarian. Chagall fell in love with her. After seven years, she ran off with an indigent photographer older than Chagall. It was an immense blow to his ego, but soon after, he met Valentine Brodsky, a Russian divorcee designing millinery in London, who became his second wife. "Vava," as he calls her, is a forceful, intelligent woman, and the guidon of his life. He says she is "my procurer general," for she has brought order into his life. When they disagree, Chagall cries, "Divorce!" Vava shrugs, "He divorces me many times a day."

Compar & Cats. Vava only incurs her husband's wrath when she tries to tidy his studio. After she straightens up,

"I can't find anything," he says. "Vive disorder!" He works amidst a clutter of art books, racks of canvases, dozens of palettes laden with globs of dried paint, photographs of relatives and postcards of great paintings that dot the walls, and—of course—a samovar. There are dozens of classical records—Mozart, Bach, Stravinsky and Ravel—which the artist, who had first dreamed of growing up to be a violinist, plays while he paints. Large pen and ink sketches, prototypes for his Metropolitan Opera murals, are tacked up in the studio. On a nearby stool lie booklets on flowers and birds, also a picture pamphlet on a kindred effort that Chagall hopes to match in the Manhattan murals—Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*.

At his age he finds the 21 steps leading to his separate studio difficult, and he is now building another house in nearby Saint-Paul-de-Vence, despite his own misgivings. "At my age," he confesses, "I'm absolutely mad to build this new house." When completed at the end of the year, it will provide room for a ground-floor studio and his staff of three—cook, chauffeur and maid—who will share the tasks of providing the master with his occasional Campari and soda and chastening his roaming semi-Siamese and alley cats. For Chagall, work always comes first. Says Daughter Ida, now married to Franz Meyer, director of the Basel museum, "Sometimes I think the only thing I learned from Father is a terrible guilt feeling when I am not doing something. When I was a child there was always a timetable

ASSEMBLING SYNAGOGUE WINDOWS FOR JERUSALEM





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above my bed." Adds Vava: "He gets furious at people loafing around. When our charwoman is busy scrubbing floors, Marc can go to work too."

Time ticks in the Chagall household as relentlessly as the swinging clocks in his own paintings, and yet what drives him onward is no longer any anxiety about his place in the history of art. By the judgment of his peers, that place is secure. Picasso has judged him from afar favorably. "When Matisse dies," he once told Françoise Gilot, "Chagall will be the only painter left who understands what color really is." Georges Braque knew Chagall only toward the end of his life, but he was impressed: "Now that I know the man, I see that he is a guarantor of painting. I like it." Said Joan Miró in Spain recently, "Marc Chagall is an authentic colorist, a painter who seeks to express his soul through the polychromy of his palette. He has exerted a greater influence on the succeeding generation than upon his contemporaries."

True, some of the very qualities that speak directly to Chagall's admirers have proven stumbling blocks to critics, such as Yale Art Historian George Heard Hamilton, who feels his art is "high-class kitsch," because it is too "pretty." It is a view opposed by the Museum of Modern Art's Peter Selz: "Chagall is one of the truly popular artists of the century. He has combined the formal exuberance of the cubists with his own personal, whimsical fantasy."

Rosettes & Symbols. Chagall is a Jew, though not a particularly devout one. And though he detests the classification of Jewish artist, still he has never tried to escape from his origins and cannot banish them from his mind. Unquestionably, the tradition of the Hasidic sect, which seeks to blend the soul with God through trancelike levitation of the heart, helped to prepare the painter for a mysticism that rarely finds expression in Western art. The flavor of Sholem Aleichem's *sheitl* still colors Chagall's dealings with the world.

Observes Paris' Musée National d'Art Moderne Curator Jean Cassou: "Chagall is one of his own images. He is the manager of his own fairyland." His modesty is positively immodest. When people call him *maitre*, he will reply: "No, centimètre." When Notre Dame awarded him an honorary doctorate of fine arts (third) this spring, Chagall commented wryly: "I am three times a doctor, and I know nothing." After receiving the red rosette of the commander in the Légion d'Honneur, he shrugged it off with "Isn't it terrible that De Gaulle and Malraux make me work for the state?"

Yet Chagall profoundly doubts that his fantasy world and the psychic realities underlying it are exclusively Jewish. Critic Harold Rosenberg agrees, saying: "Chagall is using Jews the same way that the surrealists used clowns—as interesting, exotic objects." Says Jean Cassou: "If Chagall had been a Norman



VAVA & HUSBAND
Vive disorder!

peasant, he would have had the same dreams with Norman memories." And Britain's Sir Herbert Read comments: "There are experimentalists, like Picasso, and those who, like Braque, discover their personal equation and go on repeating it. Chagall belongs to the second category. What is important is that an artist find a symbolic mode of expression. Chagall made this discovery."

End As a Bouquet. Indeed, for him there is no world more real than that composed of the weightless symbols that he has made uniquely his own. Populated by creatures and objects, whether cows, fiddles, the Torah or floating lovers, it draws on the remembrances of his youth and yet, through his artistry, belongs to others. For him, unlocking this world is no less than an act of love. And in the mystery of making nature airborne, he may well be trying to pull heaven down to earth.

"If someone sees in my art only a pleasure-seeking art," Chagall says, "he is entitled to his opinion. He is also free to consider another reality unwillingly transformed in a symbol, the illogical and psychic construction of forms and colors. I was not born simply to seek pleasure; I wanted, without any isms, to find a psychic form." Flowers fill Chagall's home, competing with his paintings everywhere. The moment they begin to fade, the artist prods his wife to throw them out.

When Chagall says, "The end of life is a bouquet," he proclaims it not as a fatuous lover of beauty or a pretty arranger in oils, but as a man who understands the essential despair of nature. Once fully grown, flowers are snipped off at their prime, gathered by man to give in a gesture of love. But the very act of making the bouquet ensures their ultimate decay and death. So mingled, life and death are one in nature. Chagall, since he cannot make a flower, continues nature into art and paints the perishable produce of his love.



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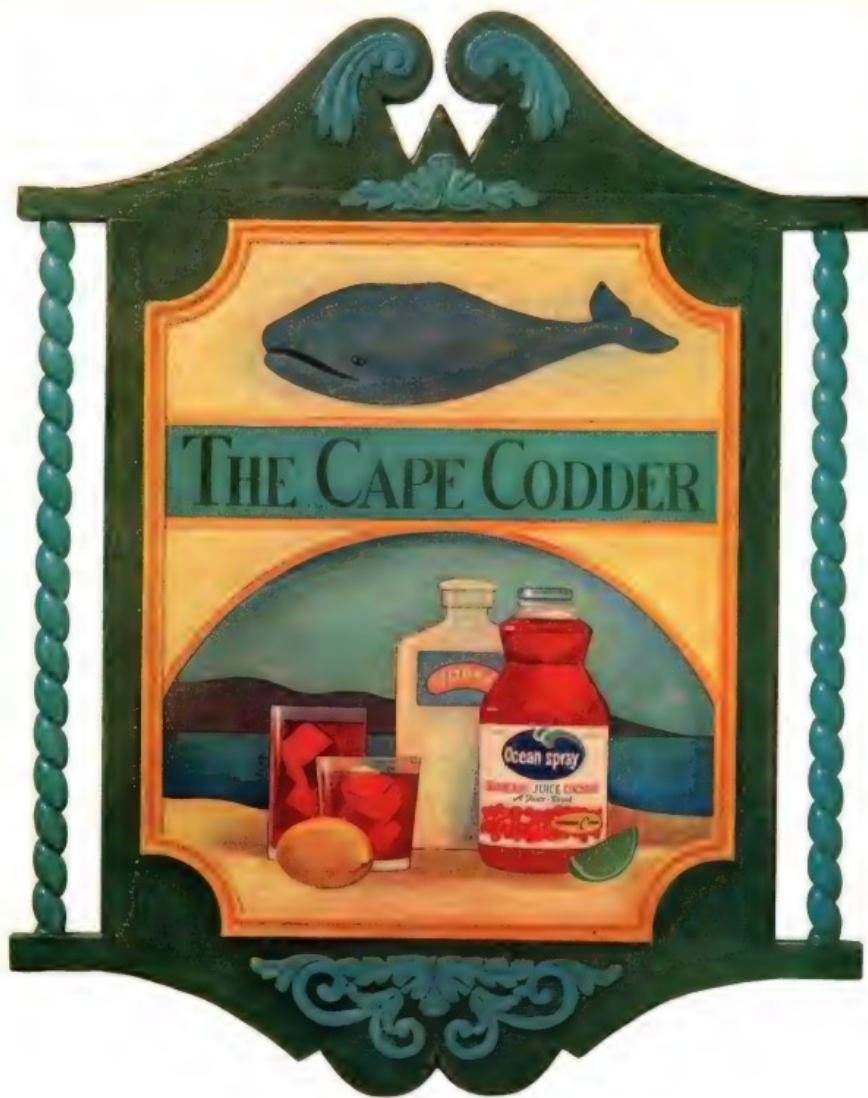
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RELIGION

CHURCHES

Speaking Out on Foreign Policy

Civil rights is old hat. Now, the area in which clergymen are seeking to prove the contemporary relevance of Christianity is foreign policy.

Recently, a "Clergymen's Emergency Committee for Vietnam," representing 3,000 Protestant, Jewish and Roman Catholic clerics, sent twelve of its members on a "ministry of reconciliation" to Viet Nam. Among the delegates were Unitarian Universalist President Dana McLean Greeley; Baptist Minister Edwin T. Dahlberg, a former president of the National Council of Churches; and the Rev. Harold Bosley, pastor of Manhattan's Christ Methodist Church. On returning, the clerics proposed an immediate peace conference, including both Communist China and the National Liberation Front (meaning the Viet Cong).

Last April the emergency committee, which is sponsored by the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation, took a two-page ad in the New York Times to proclaim: MR. PRESIDENT: IN THE NAME OF GOD, STOP IT! Many of its members showed up in Washington a month later for a mass vigil at the Pentagon, protesting escalation of the Viet Nam war.

Organizing Debate. Attacks on the Administration's actions have not been limited to individual pastors. This year the annual conferences of the Church of the Brethren and the Central Conference of American Rabbis issued formal statements criticizing U.S. policy in Viet Nam; so did the executive committee of the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns. The Protestant magazine *Christianity & Crisis* and *The Christian Century* recently published a joint appeal to the National Council of Churches, urging it to take a more active role in organizing debates on foreign policy. As it happens, the council twice this year has issued resolutions urging that the U.S. negotiate a ceasefire in Viet Nam.

When and how should churchmen speak out on foreign affairs? A radical minority would commit the churches to total opposition to war. The Rev. Stephen Rose, editor of Chicago's interdenominational monthly *Renewal*, suggests that the church should give moral backing to soldiers who refuse to fight in Viet Nam. Says the Rev. Gardiner Day, rector of Christ Church (Episcopal) in Cambridge, Mass., who has denounced Red China's exclusion from the U.N. in a sermon: "The church should speak out on all social, political and economic matters. If you don't speak when the crisis is with you, you never get another chance."

Another Pressure Group? Yet many more clergymen agree with the Rev. Frank Ross, rector of All Saints' Episcopal Church in Atlanta, who fears that

organized Christianity's increasing involvement in social and political affairs may be turning it into "just another pressure group." Ross and others see a clear difference between civil rights, where the facts to support a moral judgment are nearly all on the public record, and foreign policy, where so much essential background for decision is top secret. "There are times when we must trust our leaders to make the right moral decisions," says the Rev. Edward L. R. Elson of the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, "since not all the alternatives can be placed in church channels or the public forum."

Some church leaders believe that politically activist clerics should make it clearer that when they take a stand on Viet Nam they do so as private citizens—and not as spokesmen and surrogates for Christianity. But the church should speak out with a united voice, suggests Dr. Tex S. Sample of the Massachusetts Council of Churches, when the war creates issues—such as the torture of prisoners, or bombing of civilian centers—"in which human values are at stake. We are as capable of judging human values as politicians are." At such times, adds Benjamin Seaver of the American Friends Service Committee, the churches have a right to "act as the country's conscience."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Better Off in Latin?

The most visible result of the Second Vatican Council so far has been the decision to translate the Roman Catholic Mass into vernacular languages. But now that scholars are engaged in translating the liturgical texts, the problems they face have led some to wonder whether it might not have been simpler to leave everything in Latin.

Even translating the Mass into a Latin-based language, such as French, can lead to difficulties. Recently, philosopher Etienne Gilson publicly complained that in the version of the Nicene Creed used in France, Christ is spoken of as having the same "nature" as God the Father, rather than what the Latin says—of the same "substance." Gilson argues that the change of wording seriously distorts the doctrinal point made by the Creed. There are other complaints about the translation. Many conservative Frenchmen think it undignified to address God with the intimate *tu* rather than the more formal *vous*, and wonder why the translators couldn't find a better word for Christ's redemption than the commercial term *rachat* (trebuting).

Beggars & Bedpans. Other romance languages are not better off. In parts of eastern Italy, priests have had to keep the phrase "body of Christ" in Latin, because saying it in Italian is a common local curse. In Tuscany, clerics find it

embarrassing to end the Mass with *Andate in pace* (Go in peace)—locally the most common way to shoo away a beggar. Trying to come up with a common Mass text for Brazil and Portugal, translators discovered that they could not use the most common Brazilian word for servant (*servidor*): in Portugal it means bedpan.

Such problems pale before those faced by priests struggling to find an acceptable translation of the Latin into African and Asian tongues. The Yoruba language of West Africa, for example, has no word for priest or church. "Our language is so poor in words," says Father J. S. Adeneye of Nigeria, "that I can hardly prepare my sermon." In Japan, translators face the problem of

EDWARD WENGER/CONTRAST



MASS FOR YAP ISLANDERS
"Bigfellow master too much."

dealing with a language that rarely uses pronouns and has a surplus of honorifics. Instead of *Dominus vobiscum* (The Lord be with you), the priest now vaguely says to the congregation, "The Lord he together with everyone."

Stay There, Mary. Nowhere are there more problems for the translator than on the islands of the Pacific, whose people have hundreds of languages, ranging from Bugi, the tongue of Celebes, to Yapese, spoken on the tiny U.S. trusteeship island of Yap. Most of them require awkward circumlocutions to express Catholic dogma. In pidgin English for example, God is "Bigfellow master too much who bosses heaven and ground." Even more bothersome is the primitive Enga language of the New Guinea mountains. In trying to translate the "Hail Mary" prayer, explains one missionary, "we found that if a group of men wanted to greet a group of women working in the field, they wouldn't say 'Good morning' but 'We are going to Wabag and the women are in the field.' All greetings run like that—I am here and you are there." Solution: "Hail Mary" is "Mary, you stay right there."

SHOW BUSINESS

ACTORS

Elf's Progress

Michael Dunn is a dwarf. At the age of 30, he stands 3 ft. 10 in. with his socks on and weighs 78 lbs., if you include his eyeglasses. Dunn is also an actor and a singer. His talents in both areas are considerable.

Dunn dazzled Broadway a year and a half ago with a bravura performance as Cousin Lymon in Edward Albee's adaptation of Carson McCullers' *Ballad of the Sad Café*. He spats Henry Miller-authored obscenities in the 1963 Spoleto Festival production of *Jules Wild About Harry*. He plays Karl Glocken in the film version of *Ship of Fools*, which premieres this week. He is the comic-villain Mr. Big in an early episode of *Get Smart*, a promising new TV series due in September. And just to prove that acting is not all he can do, he has been filling a Greenwich Village nightclub with his booming baritone.

Parabolic Process. The son of an engineer, Dunn was born with two dislocated hips. "By the time I was four, I realized I would be a dwarf," he says. And when he was five, the trouble was diagnosed—chondrodyostrophy, a rare form of nonhereditary dwarfism believed to be caused by a chemical imbalance during gestation. Undaunted, Dunn terrified his parents by tearing off in hot pursuit of a normal childhood. He did not quite get one, but he managed to break his nose playing football and his leg ice-skating, and he almost drowned when, at ten, he jumped off a 36-ft.-high diving board before he had learned to swim.

Fortunately he was abnormally bright and abnormally talented. He entered the University of Michigan at 15. Illness forced him to seek a more salubrious climate, however, so he transferred to the University of Miami, where he ran the school magazine,

acted in plays, became a cheerleader, and earned part of his tuition by singing in a nightclub.

After graduation, Dunn briefly considered becoming a missionary ("A young man feels he has to serve") and entered a Capuchin monastery. He describes his religious experiences as "an intellectual process, probably of parabolic shape." After six months he decided he could not accept the dogma and left.

Rare Air. But from the first, his real interests had been musical. He hoped to be a pianist until the disease slowly crippled his elbows and wrists. He had, however, a naturally good voice, with sound, deep resonance for a man whose body was so small. With only a minimum of concern over the problems his size would present onstage, he decided to make his career in show business. "It's what I do best," he explains, "and I knew I could always make a living at it."

Like most starving young beginners, Dunn supported himself with odd jobs, including one as a sports rewrite man on a daily paper, another as a hotel detective. (He is an excellent shot with small arms; large guns tend to fire him rather than the bullet.) Gradually, acting jobs began materializing. He played jesters, fools, a cop and a vaudeville performer off-Broadway; made his first Broadway appearance as the insides of a robot in *How to Make a Man*.

His current nightclub act includes Artist-Actress Friend Phoebe Dorin. Cavorting and clowning on two custom-built circular stepladders that help equalize their heights, the two jolly up the Upstairs at the Duplex, a pair of gleeful grigs. All they do is sing a selection of spirituals, ballads, medleys and specialty songs—all of their own arranging—but they do it with a purity of sound and spirit that in nightclubs is as rare as fresh air.

No Choice. Acting is now Dunn's main concern. He points out that there are many non-dwarf roles he can play, including all the fools and jesters in Shakespeare, as well as real personages tailored to his own dimensions, such as Toulouse-Lautrec and Charles Proteus Steinmetz. His next Broadway part will be Kermit Rappaelson in Edward Albee's adaptation of James Purdy's *Malcolm*, due this fall.

Professional limitations are minor compared to the trials of private elf life. Most distressing to Dunn is the weakness of his legs and hips, which cannot support him without pain or carry him more than half a block without agony. On the theory that "physically I can't compete, but my head is my edge," he has applied science and industry to all the awkward aspects of living. He can drive a car, fly a plane ("I have a sense of machines as an extension of myself"), and is a strong though not fast swimmer. He is well versed in self-defense, once broke an assailant's leg with a well-placed kick. Socially, he finds most people "are extra friendly, sometimes out of embarrassment." That, he feels, is their problem. He tries to help them over it.

Dunn is matter-of-fact about his dwarfism. "Remember," he says, "I was born this way. There was nothing to adjust to. My life has been just like everyone else's—finding out what you can do, what you like to do, and doing it." He scoffs at any hint that his high dive into life has been in any way courageous. "There wasn't really any other choice, except to be a vegetable. My reason for living is not that I'm brave, but that I like to be alive."

TELEVISION

Global Viewing

According to a survey by *Television Age*, there are now 172,752,545 TV sets in the world. Top viewers are the Americans (68.2 million sets), Japanese (17.7 million), British (15.1 million), and Russians (12.1 million). At the bottom of the list: the Congolese, with only one set per 2,500 people.

THE CIRCUS

King of the Beasts

FORTY MAGNIFICENT, MONSTROUS, MENACING MAN-EATERS MIRACULOUSLY MINGLED, the signs used to say. That was in the '30s, when "circus" was a word with magic, when kids impatiently waited through the year until the big tent went up again. And what they waited for most was the instant when a trim, 5-ft. 6-in. man, dressed in spotless white shirt and breeches with soft leather belt, bounded into the spotlight of the center ring and doffed his pith helmet. Then, whip in his right hand, a steel-reinforced chair plus blank-loaded pistol in his left, he would summon the first ferocious cat into the cage.

That was Clyde Raymond Beatty,



DUNN IN "SHIP OF FOOLS"

When you know what you like to do, do it.



When the show was live—and the trainer was often lucky to be.

king of the beasts, the greatest animal trainer in the world (TIME cover, March 29, 1937). "I want people to see me close—close enough to smell the cats," he would explain. "When I'm in there, I don't know if there are a hundred or a thousand in the audience. It doesn't matter. I'll give them anything; I'll give them everything." And twice a day, ten months a year for more than four decades, he did, with a mixture that was as much danger as hokum, but real enough to land him mauled, scratched and chewed in the hospital more than 60 times.

"Nero Over Me." Born in 1903 near Chillicothe, Ohio, Beatty raised rabbits, guinea pigs and skunks as a boy, at 15 responded to the lure of the circus by signing up as a \$3-a-week helper. His goal was to be an acrobat, until he twisted an ankle, got a chance to fill in on a polar bear act ("a bear will bite you ten times to a big cat's one"), and began his career as an animal trainer.

It was the time when Jungleers Martin and Osa Johnson drew crowds to see the movies of wild animals they took in Africa and Hunter Frank Buck drew cheers for bringing them back alive. But Beatty never sentimentalized over his beasts. "You can never be certain that a lion or a tiger won't hook you if it has the opportunity," he explained. "Big cats are wild by nature, even if they're born in captivity. They never develop any affection for their trainer, no matter how gentle he may be with them."

Beatty believed in pushing his luck to the limit. When his act began to pall, he mixed lions, tigers, leopards, pumas and hyenas. Then he became the first man ever to mix lions and tigers of both sexes, eventually performing with more than 40 in the cage at the same time. It was a threatening, unstable mixture, and often it exploded. To hear Beatty tell about it was spine-tingling. "Nero [a black-maned lion] stood over me, ready

to sink his teeth in my face. Desperate, I planted the palm of my right hand against his nose and shoved with all my might. Suddenly I felt my hand slip into his mouth up to my wrist. I yanked frantically and got my hand free, but left shreds of flesh on Nero's teeth. Then he sank his teeth into my right leg until they actually penetrated to the bone and he started to drag me to one side of the arena. Just then he noticed the lioness, and went to her. I was unconscious the better part of twelve days, and they just about gave up on me."

Never a Tamer. Near misses kept audience adrenalin pumping too. Several times when the circus lights failed, Beatty had to grope his way to safety from a cage full of roaring animals. Once in Cleveland, three of his "kitties" broke loose, terrified the crowd for long, anxious minutes before Beatty finally maneuvered them back into cages. The tensions of such a life forced him to get a nightly ten hours of sleep, sweated a pound off him at every 18-minute performance, and earned him wildly varying sums of money. The Ringling Brothers Circus was paying him only \$250 a week when in 1935 he formed the Cole Brothers-Clyde Beatty Circus. At the height of his fame, a year later, he was earning \$3,500 a week. But soon the time of magic would end. "Suckers may still be born every minute," mourned a circusman, "but TV gets them first."

Circus was faltering, but it was still the first love of Clyde Beatty. "I'll never quit," he vowed, and he didn't, performing just last May, at 61, in Long Island. "Oh, I know they'll get me some day," he used to say of his animals. They never did, though. Instead, last week in Ventura, Calif., at about the time the matinee would have started, cancer finally clawed to earth the man who could never abide being called an animal tamer. "If they are tamed," he always said, "there is no act."



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SPORT

TRACK & FIELD

Farewell to Greatness

Ever since New Zealand's Peter Snell stormed from behind to win the 800-meter race in the 1960 Olympics, he has dominated the middle distances like no other runner in history. He set new world records for 800 meters (1 min. 44.3 sec.), 880 yds. (1 min. 45.1 sec.), 1,000 meters (2 min. 16.6 sec.), and one mile (3 min. 54.1 sec.); he outclassed all challengers at the 1964 Olympics, won both the 800-meter and the 1,500-meter races.

Honors followed in his fast footsteps. Queen Elizabeth made him a Member of the Order of the British Empire, promoted him to Officer of the Order of the British Empire. He was New Zealand's new national hero. Then Snell began to think about quitting—while he was ahead. He wanted to spend time with his young wife Sally and at his job in public relations for Rothmans cigarette company in New Zealand. So last fall, he decided to top off his triumphal career with one last world tour.

"The Shame." Two months ago Snell ran a half-mile in Honolulu, then a mile in Los Angeles. He won both races, but his time for the half-mile (1 min. 53.8 sec.) was only so-so. He ran an 880-yd. race against Canada's Bill Crothers in Toronto. On the last turn, Snell pulled his usual ploy, turned on a great burst of speed for the final sprint, but Crothers hung on, passed him 40 yds. from the tape. "My legs felt dead," complained Snell.

For the man who had almost never failed, failure suddenly became a habit. He finished last in a field of ten in a mile race in Vancouver, and apologized to the crowd ("It will take a long time to get over the shame"). In San Diego, America's 18-year-old Jim Ryun beat him in a mile race.



SNELL BEATING GRELLE
Dead legs.

In mid-June, France's Michel Jazy broke Snell's one-mile record by .5 sec. Stung, Snell hopped off for Europe to recapture his position. In Helsinki he raced in a 1,500-meter contest. He lost. In London earlier this month, he tried to win back the mile record, finished seventh, barely scraping in under the four-minute mark. Two days later he was beaten in Dublin by two British milers. In Czechoslovakia he lost two races. In Oslo he was beaten at 800 meters. Two weeks ago in Berlin, Oregon's Jim Grelle, whom Snell had beaten in Los Angeles only last June, won the 1,500 meters. Peter Snell came in third.

"New Dimension." What had gone wrong? "Looking back, I think that I didn't work quite as hard as I did for Tokyo," said Snell. "I more or less achieved what I had set out to do and proved myself the best at the Olympics. I endeavored to hold on for the tour, but it just wasn't possible." Fans in New Zealand felt that if Snell had eased up on his training, it was because he had been a reluctant hero from the start, had never been able to summon the insatiable competitive instincts that keep driving most champions. When his superb conditioning faded, so too did his desire.

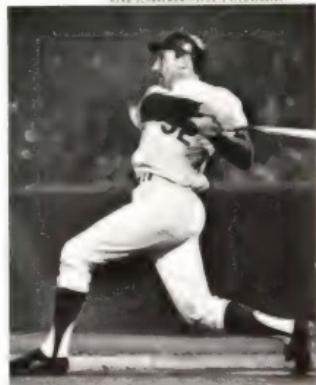
Whatever the reasons, Snell saw no possibility of regaining his championship form this season. Rather than make it eleven losses, he accepted the bitter truth. Canceling the rest of his tour, he announced that he was quitting racing altogether. "Perhaps this tour added a new dimension," he said in Germany. "At least people know I can take a defeat."

BASEBALL

With Trauma, Stress & It

"I am resetting the club right now, with the idea that Sandy won't be with us." So spoke disconsolate Buzzie Bavasi, the general manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers, after doctors last April diagnosed the pain and swelling in Sandy Koufax's pitching elbow as a "traumatic arthritic condition" that flares up "under repeated stress."

As things turned out, Sandy has been very much with them and the Dodgers have been with it—at week's end they were leading the National League. Koufax has not missed his turn in the pitching rotation all season. And never has he been more effective. He leads both leagues in strikeouts, is on his way toward setting his third consecutive league strikeout record, has won 17 games, including eleven straight (v. only three losses), by far the best record this season. It is so good, in fact, that he has a chance to become the first pitcher since Dizzy Dean to win 30 or more games in one season. Declares Sandy: "I never think in terms of numbers. I started the season wanting to win



KOUFAX: WINNING HIT AGAINST HOUSTON
Iced elbow.

every game, and since I can't do that, I'm trying to come as close as I can."

But what about that trauma and stress? "He's still living with an arthritic elbow," warns Dr. Robert Kerlan, the Dodgers' physician, "but it has responded to medication." The main medicament has been cortisone. As part of his therapy, Koufax regularly packs his elbow in ice for one hour following every game, throws only lightly on his days off, and refrains from tossing side-arm pitches, which put extra strain on the elbow.

It may not be the medication or the ice, but something has certainly improved Sandy's hitting. Until this season, he was known by teammates as "the rally stopper" because he was so hopeless at the plate. His lifetime average was a minuscule .083. This season his average has risen to an almost respectable .236, and his batting has either driven in or set up the winning runs in two of the last three games he pitched. More pitchers should have arthritis like that.

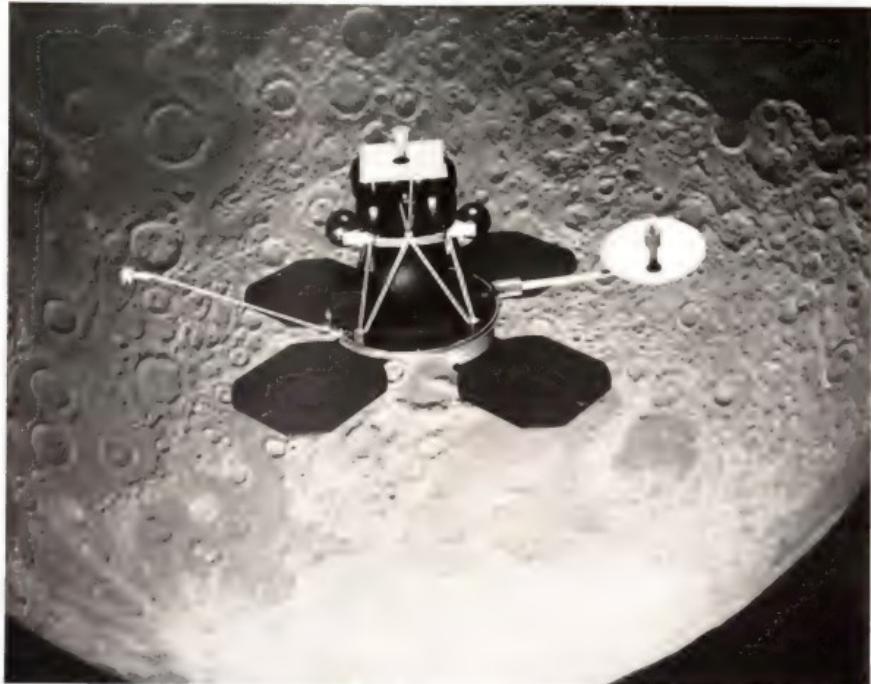
SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Pia Star: the \$107,200 Brooklyn Handicap in 2 min. 1 sec. for the 11 mi., with Roman Brother second. Kelso, the five-time Horse of the Year, now aged eight and carrying the maximum 132 lbs. (v. 121 lbs. for four-year-old Pia Star), finished third, four lengths behind the winner; at Aqueduct.

► Dennis Ralston, 23: the National Clay Court Championship, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3, over 18-year-old Cliff Richey; in Chicago.

► Warren Spahn, 44: a starting pitcher's berth with the fourth-place San Francisco Giants, after he was turned out to pasture by the New York Mets. In his first start, he was less Giant than Met, was chased after allowing three hits and three runs in 2½ innings.



LUNAR ORBITER is camera-carrying spacecraft which will be launched into lunar orbit to photograph and transmit to earth pictures of large areas of moon's surface. Mission is to help locate best landing spot for astronauts, and to sense and report

density of micrometeoroids and radiation near moon. Scientists will also track Orbiter to learn more about moon's gravity. Boeing is building 8 Orbiters for NASA, 3 for ground test, 5 for flight. First launch is scheduled next year at Cape Kennedy.

Capability has many faces at Boeing



BIG BLOW. Wind tunnel tests are used in air-to-ground missile studies. Boeing's vast missile, space booster and electronics experience in radar, guidance and penetration aids is helping to develop advanced attack missile system concept.



SUPersonic jetliner, under development by Boeing, could carry over 200 passengers across U.S. in two hours. Variable wing gives ideal sweep-back choice for supersonic and subsonic flight, plus straight wing for slow landings.



U.S. NAVY's versatile new transport helicopter, CH-46A, built by Boeing's Vertol Division. CH-46A's replenish combat ships while underway (permitting maintenance of task force integrity), also perform search and rescue, personnel transfer, and other missions.

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THE LAW

LARRY R. GOTTEL

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

The Unspoken Confession

The three checks were made out to a San Francisco real estate salesman named Frank H. Graves Jr. Soon after Graves cashed them, police asked him to demonstrate his handwriting. Then he was arrested for forging all three checks in the names of fictitious persons. He was not advised of his rights to counsel and silence; nor was he told of his rights later when the police requested nine more samples of his writing—the clinching evidence that convicted him in 1963.

Until last fall, Graves's conviction would have stood like Gibraltar. But in *Excoffredo v. Illinois*, the Supreme Court ruled that the right to counsel begins when police shift from investigation to accusation. And in *People v. Dorado*, which the Supreme Court recently refused to review, California's highest state court went even further. It ruled that police failure to advise a suspect of his rights to counsel and silence invalidates his confession even if he does not ask for a lawyer.

Graves never "confessed" to anything; nevertheless his conviction has just been reversed under *Dorado*. In ruling for Graves, a state district appellate court said that he should have been protected from further self-incrimination as soon as he was arrested. Instead, he was pressed to make what the court considered to be the equivalent of a confession—more telltale handwriting. "The defendant could not have made a more incriminating statement," said the court. In short, the police should have either delayed Graves's arrest to build their case, or they should

have given him his *Dorado* rights when they did arrest him.

California prosecutors are hotly attacking the Graves decision. To rule out handwriting as evidence, they say, implies a threat to the legality of fingerprints, photographs and police line-ups. The *Graves* decision will be appealed to the California Supreme Court, which handed down the *Dorado* decision that started all the commotion. Along with an editorial blast at *Dorado*, the San Francisco Examiner last week ran a cartoon reducing the decision to its ultimate absurdity: a lawyer's claim that his client should be shielded even from the incriminating implications of a court appearance.

JUDGES

A Slight Case of Contempt

As his part in a statewide crackdown aimed at Indiana's mounting traffic problem, Hamilton County Circuit Court Judge Edward F. New Jr. decreed last month that speeders and other "moving violators" in his jurisdiction will no longer get off with mere fines paid to a local justice of the peace. New will personally try them in his higher court—and motorists found guilty even of first-offense speeding will go straight to the state penal farm or the state women's prison.

"An excellent example of shotgun justice," wrote Editor James Neal of Hamilton County's Noblesville (pop. 7,600) Daily Ledger. "If the past provides a good example, what will happen is that some kindly little old lady will spend the night in jail for driving too slow while some mad motorist charged with manslaughter will stall his trial right out of court."

In an angry court order last week, Judge New blasted Editor Neal's comments as "disdainful, despicable, scurilous and contemptuous." Nor did the order stop there: it sent the sheriff hustling to Neal's office to arrest him for criminal contempt of court—punishable in Indiana by up to three months' imprisonment and a \$500 fine. Haling Neal to his courtroom, where four mounted animal heads gaze down impassively on the accused, Judge New set bail at a whopping \$50,000.

Ridiculous. Elected to a six-year term last fall, Judge New has been feeling Editor Neal's needle ever since he took office. The judge demanded publication of the names and addresses of all juvenile offenders and their parents. The Ledger (circ. 7,500) went along at first, then decided the idea was unwise. The judge also decreed that all arrested juveniles be held in the city jail without bond for as long as two weeks pending a hearing. The Ledger called that policy "terrible." Indeed, it led one 17-year-old boy to file a federal writ of habeas corpus with U.S.



EDWARD NEW IN ACTION
Feeling the needle.

District Judge S. Hugh Dillin in nearby Indianapolis. For technical reasons, Dillin could not spring the boy, but he ordered New to set bond at \$100 and called New's rules "ridiculous." They may be, but they are still in effect.

Editor Neal, a 1945 West Point graduate who later resigned his commission to run the family newspaper, says that he is all for a traffic crackdown, but he insists that New's method will simply clog the court with jury trials, while cops who must testify on their days off will merely stop making arrests. Judge New, who has disqualified himself for Neal's forthcoming non-jury trial, argues that, nonetheless, Neal has no right to predict future court actions. "If, in fact, I had seen a little old lady to jail for driving too slow, he could editorialize till Christmas comes, and I'd uphold his rights. I'd back him forever, 1,000%." But the point is, shurring the court as to what it will do is crystal-ballining which creates disrespect for law and order."

Prized Privilege. In defining the contempt power of U.S. judges, the Supreme Court has been considerably more incisive. Outright disorder in a courtroom or its environs is undeniably contemptuous and may be summarily punished. But a judge cannot hold mere criticism in contempt, ruled the Supreme Court in 1947, unless it presents a clear and present danger to the administration of justice. "The danger must not be remote or even probable; it must immediately imperil." As the court put it in another case: "The assumption that respect for the judiciary can be won by shielding judges from published criticism wrongly appraises American public opinion. It is a prized American privilege to speak one's mind on all public institutions."



"YOUR HONOR, I CONTEND MY CLIENT'S VERY PRESENCE IN COURT WOULD TEND TO BE SELF-INCrimINATING"

POLICE

Deputy Doe, B.A.

"This nation can't afford bargain-basement cops any more," says Oregon's Multnomah County (Portland) Sheriff Donald Clark. But bargain-basement cops are what many cities get as they compete for manpower with widely varying standards of pay, training and competence. Moreover, the country's swiftly changing laws daunt even bright cops, who now have to cope with Supreme Court decisions that sometimes baffle even learned justices.

Almost everyone agrees that U.S. police sorely need more education, but few people do anything about the problem. Sheriff Clark has just made a start by getting the county civil-service commission to set new rules aimed at sharply upgrading his 210 deputies, of whom only 15 are college graduates. In the first such action by a major U.S. police force, Sheriff Clark now demands that every one of his future deputies boast at least a bachelor's degree. If he can also raise the pay (current maximum: \$6,996 a year), he may well set a new U.S. police standard.

ARTICLE BY FREDERIC



GALLATI & COMPUTER

To Catch a Thief

Now that confessions are coming under increasing attack in the courts, U.S. police and prosecutors must rely more on investigation, less on the interrogation of suspects that has long been the basis of most criminal convictions. Fortunately a host of new crime-detection devices are being perfected to help law-enforcement officers. Items:

- NEUTRON ACTIVATION ANALYSIS links suspect to incredibly small bits of physical evidence that defy conventional chemical or spectroscopic analysis. Tiny flecks of paint from a jimmied door may turn out to be crucial when found on a burglar's clothing, simply because atomic particles emit specific radiation patterns when properly stimulated in a nuclear reactor. The patterns are projected on an oscilloscope screen, and if those from the burglar match those from the door, he might as well plead

guilty. Developed by General Dynamics Corp.'s General Atomic Division, N.A.A. has already won convictions in Canada, New York and California, was used to link Lee Oswald with the rifle that killed President Kennedy.

- VOICE PRINTS may solve the now virtually impossible task of catching obscene, threatening and anonymous phone callers. Variations in size and shape of vocal cavities give each human voice a unique sound, explains Bell Telephone Labs' Dr. Lawrence G. Kersta, who developed the technique. By means of a sound spectrograph, Kersta converts spoken words into picture patterns that he says identify the speaker as reliably as his fingerprints. The system works no matter how the voice is disguised. At this stage, voice prints require wiretapping, which may pose legal problems, but someday police may record every suspect's voice as routinely as they now do other physical characteristics.

- OFACTRONICS is a fancy word for a new science of smell being developed by researchers at Illinois Institute of Technology. As they see it, men should be able to smell as well as dogs—that is, tell people apart by each individual's distinct chemical signature. So far, the researchers have found that human odors can characterize a person's age,



TWO VOICES SAYING "YOU"
Putting crooks on a one-way carpet.

sex, race, diet, health and general area of residence. Though still highly experimental, telltale smells could become an important tool. Under contract to the Federal Aviation Agency, the Illinois team is now working on a machine to sniff out bombs on airplanes.

Speedup. Of all new crime-fighting ideas, the most promising are those using computers for a quantum speedup in standard police procedures. The basic problem—information retrieval—became painfully clear to New York State police when they collared more than 75 alleged Mafia leaders at the famous Appalachia meeting of 1957. Since the suspects all refused to talk, the cops duly set out to assemble their records. As it turned out, one man alone was the subject of 200 separate police files, and the whole job took more than two years.

From that experience emerged one of the country's most advanced police-reform efforts: the New York State Identification and Intelligence System. Set up in 1963, the system is run by

Robert J. Gallati, a former New York City assistant chief police inspector and holder of four law degrees. Gallati's goal is nothing less than the computerization of all crime data now scattered among the state's 3,636 law-enforcement agencies.

It now takes seven days and ten clear fingerprints for police in one section of New York to identify a suspect from another part of the state. Gallati plans to convert all fingerprints into mathematical formulas and store them on magnetic tape along with all data on personal appearance and every crook's *modus operandi* (working methods). With only one or two fingerprints, telephone-linked computers can then "search" police files across the state, yielding positive identification from hundreds of miles away in only two hours.

Big Brother. One of Gallati's liveliest ideas involves the state's 40,000 stolen cars (one out of every 300 on the road). While 90% are recovered, the police rarely catch the thieves. Solution: all "wanted" license numbers will be stored in a central computer, which is telephone-linked to ten electronic

ARTICLE BY FREDERIC



ODOR ANALYSIS IN ILLINOIS

analyzers stationed up to 450 miles away. Each analyzer in turn is linked to 40 TV cameras hidden behind toll booths, stop signs and traffic lights. As the 400 TV cameras monitor every passing license plate, the analyzers encode the digits and the computer compares them with the wanted list. The whole thing takes less than one second—time enough to trip an alarm back at the camera and send lurking prowls into action.

All this may sound like Big Brother, but even civil libertarians are convinced that Gallati's ideas will, in fact, safeguard rights by enabling police to distinguish between veteran crooks and first offenders. "If a quick check shows you have no record," says Gallati, "the desk sergeant will simply give you a summons to appear in ten days." For suspects with criminal records, on the other hand, the system will work like a one-way magic carpet—to the clink.



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MILESTONES

Born. To R. Sargent Shriver, 49, Peace Corps and Poverty War director; and Eunice Kennedy Shriver, 43; their fifth child, fourth son (her first caesarean); in Boston. Name: Paul Fitzgerald Kennedy.

Married. Lord Charles George William Colin Spencer-Churchill, 25, London insurance broker, tall (6 ft, 6 in.) handsome second son of Sir Winston's cousin the tenth Duke of Marlborough; and Texas Debutante Gillian Spreckels Fuller, 18, daughter of Fort Worth oilman Andrew Fuller, and great-granddaughter of California Sugar King John D. Spreckels; in London, one year after they met at the Ascot races.

Died. James Madison Kemper, 70, retired board chairman of the Commerce Trust Co., Kansas City's largest bank, and the most aggressive member of the banking Kemper family who, with holdings estimated at \$100 million, have dominated the financial life of Missouri and Kansas for more than 40 years (one brother controls the City National Bank & Trust of Kansas City, the other the huge Kemper Investment Co. and a host of smaller banks); himself a bank president at 31, responsible for much of Kansas City's road building, slum clearance and downtown business renewal; by his own hand (pistol), after suffering from cancer for twelve years; in Kansas City, Mo.

Died. Benjamin Gitlow, 73, organizer and onetime general secretary of the U.S. Communist Party, who was summarily read out of the movement in 1929 after rejecting Stalin's demand for greater subservience of the U.S. party to the Soviet Union, thereupon wrote a detailed exposé of Red activities in the U.S., became a star witness of the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1953, was widely criticized for falsely accusing others of Communist complicity, later drifted into obscurity; of a heart attack; in Compton, N.Y.

Died. Robert Johns Bulkley, 84, one-time Democratic Congressman (1910-15) and Senator (1930-38), from Ohio, friend of F.D.R.'s, sponsor of New Deal reforms (Home Loan Bank Act, Securities Exchange Act), who lost his seat in 1938 to Robert A. Taft, after which he retired from politics, returned to a successful Cleveland law practice; of a heart attack; in Bratenahl, Ohio.

Died. Ted Snyder, 84, Tin Pan Alleyman, sometime collaborator with Irving Berlin, and composer of *Who's Sorry Now?* and *Sheik of Araby* (which he wrote for Rudolph Valentino); charter member with Victor Herbert and John Philip Sousa in 1914, of ASCAP; of heart disease; in Encino, Calif.

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e-ti-ol-o-gy
tach-y-car-di-a
hem-a-to-crit



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Ready for Escalation

Nervous and emotional, uncertain and perhaps a bit illogical, the stock market lost another \$8 billion in paper values last week. Small investors sold more shares than they bought; big institutions stuffed their steadily rising funds into safer, short-term Treasury bills or corporate bonds and just waited. The Dow-Jones industrial average fell for four days in a row, struggled up just a bit in the final session, and closed at 864—down 161 points for the week.* Everybody on Wall Street was waiting for news from Washington and looking for a firmer fix on three uncertainties that overhang the market: Viet Nam, steel labor, and the immediate future course of the U.S. economy.

No Controls. Though Wall Streeters have built their fortunes on speculation, they dislike uncertainty, and they can scare easily. What worries them now is that a greater U.S. commitment in Viet Nam might somehow impede the progress of the domestic economy and lead to the kind of controls on prices, wages and credits that were brought forth during the Korean war.

But the situation is far different from what it was in the 1950s. The Government reports that it has no plans to impose controls. It figures that controls would not be necessary because both the private and the public sectors of the economy are large enough to absorb military escalation without much of a wrench. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler, who during the Korean war was director of the Office of Defense Mobilization, points out: "When Korean fighting broke out, we had a defense budget of \$10 billion. And there was no force in being to sustain large-scale fighting. By contrast, the defense budget for the past ten years has totaled more than \$400 billion, and we have a much larger economic base."

Probably no nation has ever gone to war quite so well prepared to meet its defense commitments and continue growing at home. U.S. spending for Viet Nam is now about \$1.5 billion annually, during the current fiscal year will grow to at least \$2.5 billion; orders are already rising for such items as fighter planes, helicopters, rifles. At the same time, economic expansion should increase federal revenues by some \$7 billion, even though corporate taxes have been cut during 1965. The Gov-

* One sign of the investment mood was that the short interest as of mid-July hit an all-time high of 7.2 million shares. When an investor goes short, he borrows stock and sells it, figuring that it will drop and he can later buy it at a lower price. A large amount of short selling suggests that investors are bearish; but for the longer term, it serves to support and lift the market because the short sellers eventually have to buy stock to cover what they borrowed.

ernment may be forced to delay or moderate its plans to slice taxes further, but few of the costly, recently launched programs of The Great Society are expected to be markedly reduced.

Optimism in Pittsburgh. More realistic than the investment community's fears about Viet Nam are the worries about a possible steel strike—but even they seem to be extravagant. As negotiations resume in earnest this week, management negotiators and the Steelworkers' 163-man wage policy committee have already resolved most of the "noneconomic" issues, will now get down to wage bargaining with a prob-

er staying flat for five years, wholesale prices in the past six months have jumped 2.1%—owing to a rise in farm prices and processed food costs. The increases are now showing up in supermarkets.

Balanced against the negative factors are the facts that personal income, retail sales and production continue to rise, and that the Government has committed itself to keep them climbing either by increasing federal spending or cutting taxes. Said Budget Director Charles L. Schultze to a congressional committee investigating tax policy last week: "We can't prevent every little



F-4 JET FIGHTER PLANT IN ST. LOUIS
Building the sinews of war, widening the rewards of peace.

able Aug. 31 deadline. Publicly, management claims it will not offer more than a 2% increase in wages, while the union asks for 4.4%, or about 50¢ an hour over a three-year contract. Neither side wants a strike, and both are optimistic. Official Washington also does not anticipate a strike, but figures that if a stoppage does occur, it will be brief. Pittsburgh insiders doubt that any prolonged shutdown would be tolerated by an impatient President during a Viet Nam emergency; they would not be surprised to see a settlement calling for a 4% rise in wages, which would further dent but not necessarily destroy the Administration's 3.2% guideline.

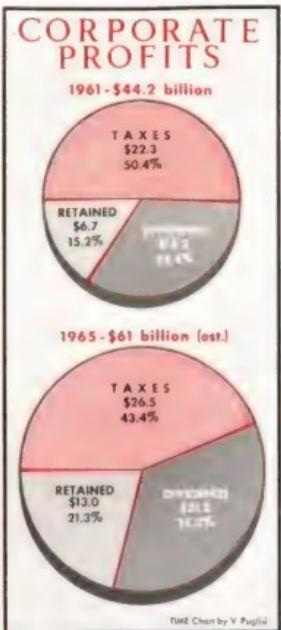
As for the overall vigor of the U.S. economy—Wall Street's third major uncertainty—even the pessimists have been surprised by the durability of the expansion. The consistent Cassandra's, who have been forecasting downturn for many months, have begun to hedge their predictions with such words as "may," "might," and "possibly." The clouds they see over the economy include high inventories, especially in steel, and the prospect of inflation. After

wiggle in the economic cycle, but we can prevent a major slide."

High-Quality Profits. For Wall Street, the best news is the remarkable rise in corporate profits. Last week record first-half highs were reported by such giants as Du Pont, Socony Mobil, Standard Brands and Ford. Though the rate of increase is likely to be somewhat less spectacular in the second half, Washington policymakers figure that the gains already have been so great that the Government's official estimate of \$61 billion in corporate profits for 1965 will probably be exceeded. Investors are reaping the benefits; in this year's first six months, cash dividend payments increased 11% to \$9.2 billion.

Equally important, the so-called "quality" of profits is much improved. Reason: under the liberalized depreciation laws, companies are counting increasing amounts of their income as nontaxable depreciation expense, instead of taxable profit. As a result, "cash flow"—net income plus depreciation allowances—is rising faster than profits.

In a time of crisis, when more de-



mands may soon be made upon its productive capacity, U.S. industry thus has both the cash and the incentive to expand. More and more industries are making longer-term plans, paying less attention to possible short-term fluctuations in the economy and more attention to likely expansion and markets over the long haul. The aerospace industry is making hard plans for ten years ahead and estimates for 30. Detroit automakers have already begun firm planning in the expectation that "normal" yearly sales will be 9,000,000 cars by 1970 and 11,000,000 by 1975. The steel industry, in one small area east of Chicago, is busy building enough new capacity to produce 7½ million tons from basic oxygen furnaces and 15 million tons of sheet by 1966. In this atmosphere, it appears that Wall Street has been listening less to the hammer and clank of vigor than to the voices of doubt.

STEEL

The Price-Fixing Verdict

Since John F. Kennedy in 1962 forced the nation's steelmen to pull back a \$6-a-ton price boost, federal grand juries have voted seven indictments accusing the steel companies of conspiring to fix prices. In the most important of these cases, the Justice Department last week won a big, if qualified, victory.

Eight major steel companies withdrew their original pleas of innocence and pleaded *nolo contendere* (no contest) to criminal charges that they had rigged some prices of the commonest grade of steel, carbon steel sheets, which go into autos, washing machines, kitchen cabinets, refrigerators, office furniture and many other consumer goods. Judge Edward Weinfeld of Manhattan's U.S. district court fined them \$50,000 each, the maximum allowed under the Sherman Antitrust Act.

Clandestine Meetings. The \$400,000 total of fines, highest ever in the industry's history, was levied against its six largest companies—U.S. Steel, Bethlehem, Republic, Armco, National and Jones & Laughlin—as well as Wheeling Steel and National's Great Lakes Steel subsidiary. The judge also allowed no contest pleas by the only two individuals indicted: James P. Barton, 62, U.S. Steel's assistant general manager of administrative service, and William J. Stephens, 58, hard-selling president of Jones & Laughlin. Stephens, who worked for rival Bethlehem as an assistant vice president at the time covered by the indictment, is the highest U.S. executive ever singled out by such charges. At their sentencing, set for Sept. 21, the two men could be fined \$50,000 each and sent to prison for up to one year.

The indictment charged that the defendants arranged during a series of clandestine meetings in hotel rooms between 1955 and 1961 to subtly rig the thousands of "extra" charges that steel companies make for tailoring sheets to specific size, shape, weight, quality and chemical or metallurgical content. Such extras account for 16% of the \$2 billion-a-year carbon-sheet business done by the eight firms.

When the indictment was handed down last year, steelmen were openly resentful, and Bethlehem went so far as to accuse the U.S. trustbusters of digging up "ancient history" to "harass" the industry. By last week tempers had cooled, and steelmen seemed relieved. Wheeling, National and Jones & Laughlin all called their no-contest pleas "appropriate" under the circumstances. Bethlehem said it was "satisfied" that the disposition of the case "is in the best interests of the company and its stockholders."

Avoiding Damages. By pleading no contest, the companies avoided the embarrassing and costly ordeal of a public trial, and they did not admit any guilt. More important, the plea greatly diminished the chance that injured customers could successfully sue for treble damages. Reason: not only could the steel companies deny the charges in such suits, but the customers would have to prove both the conspiracy and their own injuries without access to the Government's evidence. Clearly, for steelmen who would like to forget about the whole affair, this was the best way to be rid of it.

INDUSTRY

Atoms for Thirst

One of the most promising prospects for creating a major new industry lies in the sea. If U.S. scientists can develop a practical, economic way to desalinate sea water, they will not only ease such regional problems as drought, but will generate demand for many kinds of machines and human skills. While more than 200 desalting plants are already operating around the world, including nine in the U.S., they have yet to surmount one vexing problem: cost. The desalting plants have been unable to produce fresh water for much less than \$1 per 1,000 gal., which may be economical in a parched country such as Kuwait, but can scarcely compete against the average 35¢ per 1,000 gal. that U.S. communities pay for water.

Last week the state of New York and the American Machine & Foundry Co. announced a joint project that, by their estimate, would reduce the cost of desalinated water by two-thirds, thus making it economical. More than that, the project would marry the already established growth industry of atomic energy with the potentially great one of desalination.

Power & Isotopes. A.M.F. and New York signed a letter of intent, under which the state's Atomic & Space Development Authority will put up \$125,000 for the company to draw complete specifications for the free world's first nuclear-powered desalination plant.* If the Atomic Energy Commission approves the reactor design as expected, New York will later scrape up \$4,100,000. Building is to begin next April at Riverhead, N.Y., on the northeast shore of Long Island, and in 1968 the plant should start turning out fresh water.

* The Soviets have boasted that they can build one too, but it is not known whether they are doing so.



BURGESS WITH SKETCH OF PLANT
The search for a 35¢ drink.

In theory, the plant will be able to sell its water for 35¢ per 1,000 gal. because it will produce two valuable by-products, electricity and radioactive isotopes. It will turn out 1,000,000 gal. per day—enough for the average needs of 10,000 rural-area people—as well as 2,500 kw. of electricity per hour and up to 500,000 curies of cobalt-60 isotopes per year, which together could be sold for \$500,000 annually. Though the 35¢ price for the desalinated water will be above the 30¢ that Riverhead now pays for regular water, it will be lower than the price paid by most surrounding communities. Says A.M.F. Chairman Carter Burgess, 48: "We have confidence in the economic viability of small nuclear plants capable of many applications."

The process to be used at Riverhead is called "multistage flash distillation." Water from Long Island Sound will be pumped into the plant, where it will be heated by an open-pool reactor. It will then pass through a series of large chambers, each with different pressure levels; the heat and the changes in pressure will cause the water to form steam and separate from the brine; the steam will then be condensed and piped out as pure, distilled drinking water.

Big. For all its potential in a rural community, the Riverhead plant and other small ones offer just a drop in the bucket to thirsty cities such as New York, which daily consumes 1.25 billion gal. The governments of the U.S. and Israel are now jointly studying the possibility of building nuclear desalination plants with daily outputs of 100 million gal. For the Los Angeles region, Bechtel Corp. has recently completed the first stage of a study calling for a two-reactor nuclear plant that theoretically, by 1972, could turn out 150 million gal. per day, at a cost of 22¢ to 30¢ per 1,000 gal.

Federal experts reckon that water shortages will become acute in large areas of the U.S. West within the next 20 years. Though desalination is only a partial answer to the problem of a nation whose water demand is expected to almost double by 1980, it is a challenge that has aroused businessmen, scientists and the Government. Many companies are working on new ideas in the field, including Westinghouse Electric, Colt Industries and Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton. The Interior Department's Office of Saline Water optimistically predicts that, in 35 years, between 7% and 10% of the nation's fresh water will come from the sea.

REAL ESTATE

A Towering Empire

The silvery 102-story shaft of the Empire State Building looms through the picture windows in the Manhattan offices of Real Estate Partners Lawrence A. Wien and Harry B. Helmsley. They gaze on it with a unique warmth: along with 3,000 other investors in a syndi-

cate they formed four years ago, they have a 114-year lease on it. The tower is a fitting emblem of their domain, which last week made a major expansion. For an undisclosed sum, the partners bought the entire freedom of hotels and movie houses assembled over 47 years by J. (for Junius) Myer Schine.

The Schine holdings, worth an estimated \$150 million, brought the value of Wien and Helmsley's coast-to-coast collection up close to \$900 million, three times that of the spread controlled by William Zeckendorf at his apogee six years ago. Says Helmsley:



HOTELMAN DAVID SCHINE



HELMESLEY & WIEN



The Ambassador had expensive company.

"We know of no private investors whose holdings are larger than ours."

Shift in Tactics. Personable Lawyer Wien, 60, and shy Broker-Manager Helmsley, 56, pioneered the promotion of large-scale syndicates. Much of their property is held in common with about 10,000 other people, disarmingly described by Helmsley as "friends who go into these investments with us." The pals have included Wall Streeters John L. Loeb and Clifford W. Michel, and the syndicated holdings range from Manhattan's Plaza Hotel to properties in Los Angeles, Detroit, Buffalo, Dayton and Daytona Beach.

Conservatively built, the partners' realm has survived the general shakeout of real-estate syndicates since 1962. Some recent acquisitions, such as the 35-acre Bush waterfront terminal in Brooklyn, have been financed with only a few wealthy partners, and increasingly, Wien and Helmsley have been able to swing deals all by themselves. The Schine purchase, made without partners, brings them twelve hotels (including Miami's faded Roney Plaza and Los Angeles' first-class Ambassador), 62 theaters in the East and Midwest, and a community antenna-TV system in Massena, N.Y.

On the Carpet. For Myer Schine, who is so secretive that he does not even disclose his age (73), the sale topped an acquisitive career that began when he was 26. With savings from jobs as candy butcher and dress salesman, he bought a roller rink in Grovers-

ville, N.Y., parlayed the profits into a chain of properties. Many real estate insiders speculated last week that the aging Schine sold out because he was hard-pressed to find successors as sharp as himself within his immediate family.

In 1957, he turned over the title of president of Schine Enterprises to his elder son, G. (for Gerard) David Schine, who was once the most famous private in the U.S. Army. Attempts to wangle an officer's commission for Schine, an investigator for the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, were a factor in the acrimonious Army-McCarthy

hearings of the early 1950s. Son David also created controversy in Schine Industries. He quarreled with managers at the Roney Plaza, lost money on several ventures, including an indoor ski slope that operated on a carpeted conveyor belt. He has not been company president since 1963, when his father took the job back himself.

David, now 37 and married to a Swedish-born former Miss Universe (she has five children), runs the Ambassador in Los Angeles, hopes to keep that job under the new owners. Wien and Helmsley will hold at least some things intact: they intend to go ahead with the Schines' plans to build high-rise office and apartment buildings, a convention hall and a shopping center around the Ambassador.

CORPORATIONS

The Governor's Face Lift

While Gemini 4 orbited the earth, Astronauts Jim McDivitt and Ed White did not brush after every meal, but instead chewed a new gum called Trident, which helps clean teeth by using enzymes to break down dirt and bacteria. Trident is a product of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., which is well into its own orbit in the new world of pharmaceuticals. Three months ago the company brought out an appetite-suppressing prescription drug, Pre-Safe, which has already taken a substantial bite of that \$60 million-a-year market. This month it won five U.S. patents on a



WARNER-LAMBERT'S DRISCOLL & PRODUCTS
From Smith Brothers to Gemini gum.

"Robot Chemist," a Rube-Goldberg-like device that automatically analyzes up to 120 samples per hour of anything from blood to industrial oil by mixing them with laboratory reagents, measuring the resulting chemical change, and recording the results on adding-machine tape or computer cards. Now the company is beginning national distribution of a new shampoo-base hair coloring and this fall will introduce a line of facial makeup with three colors in one box so women can blend their own.

Selling by Computer. This high productivity of marketable ideas would make it seem that Warner-Lambert has long been a dynamo of invention. Actually, 90% of its drug sales come from products more than ten years old, which is practically a century in that business. The line includes such venerable medicaments as Sloan's Liniment, Smith Brothers Cough Drops, Listerine, Rolands, and Bromo-Seltzer. Warner-Lambert's newer directions are the result of a corporate turn-around wrought by a man who never ran a business before becoming its president eleven years ago: two-term (1947-54) New Jersey Governor Alfred Eastlack Driscoll.

A rumpled, outdoor type who likes to meditate in his cabin in the Maine woods, Lawyer Driscoll, now 62, transplanted company headquarters from a Manhattan rookery to the suburban environs of Morris Plains, N.J. Lacking new products based on research, he concentrated at first on selling the old ones harder and more imaginatively. Later turned to a computer to help his salesmen. The computer sees to it that free samples go to doctors who request them, sizes up each doctor's prescription-writing potential on the basis of information that salesmen supply about the size of his practice.

Makeup for Men? Today Warner-Lambert makes more than 500 products, has recently opened factories in Morocco and Nigeria, has 44 other facilities abuilding or in the design stage

from Argentina to New Zealand. Under Driscoll, sales have nearly tripled; last year, on a volume of \$335 million, earnings after taxes grew 14% to a record \$34 million. Says the growth-minded Governor, who retains a politician's knack for sharpening a cliché: "I regard eggs in many baskets as one of our prime strengths."

Still in the incubator of Warner-Lambert's now vast laboratory program are pills to color hair and tablets to increase mental concentration. The company is also developing a line of men's cosmetics, including colognes and skin moisturizers. This may seem a bit far out, but after all, any company that can put chewing gum in orbit may just be the one to put moisturizing lotions on stubby chins.

MANAGEMENT

New Show at ABC

Heading into another television season, American Broadcasting Co.'s schedule is chockablock with new shows—*Gidget*, *Tammy*, *Honey West*, *Jesse James*, *The FBI*, and an everyday off-screen cliffhanger that might be called *Keep Your Eye on Norton Simon*. The California industrialist, who has broadened his Hunt Foods into a far-reaching company (*TIME* cover, June 4), has been a prime stockholder in ABC for more than two years. Last week it was disclosed that he has bought much more stock through Hunt and a subsidiary, McCall Corp., boosting his stake from 6% to 9% of the outstanding shares. He owns 400,000 shares, which makes him ABC's largest holder.

Bonanza. Simon's investment is worth about \$22 million at current prices, has been rapidly appreciating. Price of the stock has doubled in the past 18 months, and last week President Leonard Goldenson reported that the company's first-half earnings rose 41% above the same period last year, to a record \$7.6 million. From a lagging third place among

the three television networks, ABC under Goldenson's gifted goading has risen to a point where it is neck-and-neck with NBC and CBS. Stockholder Simon has reason to appreciate the Goldenson touch, but may well be miffed at his aloofness. Last year Simon tried to get a seat or two on ABC's board, only to be frustrated when Goldenson put through a by-laws change that ruled out cumulative voting.

Simon is never permanently put off—as was shown anew at the annual meeting of another company, Canada Dry. Though its directors had rebuffed his bid for a board seat just a year ago, he showed up last week not only as a director but also as a prominent spokesman at the meeting. Far from acting like the feisty raider that he is often accused of being, he graciously accepted a statement by President Roy W. Moore Jr. that Canada Dry's next quarterly earnings would drop because of a \$3,000,000 outlay to promote a grapefruit drink named Wink. (President Moore, sipping Wink while speaking, at one point let out an inadvertent burp and apologized: "It wasn't the Wink; it was me.") After the meeting, Simon said: "Canada Dry is doing exactly what it should be doing."

Positive Feelings. So is ABC—so far. "I have no sense of urgency," said Simon. "We will keep on buying so long as it is a good buy." He insisted that he did not want a director's seat; that Goldenson "leaves me with quite positive feelings about ABC and its future." Television executives, however, remembered the cases of McCall Corp. and Wheeling Steel, in which Simon followed the pattern of investment-take-over-management upheaval. Goldenson seems secure in his job so long as ABC, in an industry that shifts more swiftly than sand, keeps its share of viewers. Whatever happens to *Gidget*, *Tammy* or *Jesse James*, ABC's new behind-the-camera show is certain to be quite a situation drama.



INVESTOR SIMON
With *Gidget* and *Wheeling* and *Wink*.

WORLD BUSINESS

ECONOMIC POLICY

Rise of Nationalism

Helping many nations back to financial health, the U.S. throughout the post-war era has been able to put across most of its economic policies to the rest of the free world. Lately it has run into a high tide of economic nationalism that challenges the U.S. on matters as diverse as tariffs, money, and airport landing rights. Notably in a couple of major countries, and to a growing degree in other nations, U.S. economic policies are being criticized or rejected.

The chief economic antagonist of the U.S. is, of course, Charles de Gaulle, whose goal is to make Europe look to France instead of to the U.S. Largely because of France's intransigence, the Kennedy Round of tariff-cutting talks in Geneva is deadlocked, dormant, and hopelessly behind schedule. The Common Market delegation in Geneva cannot complete its list of proposed tariff cuts because France has boycotted major meetings of the Six since July 5.

Money Maneuvers. In a direct maneuver against the U.S., France last week tried to undercut Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler's call for an international summit meeting to reform the world's monetary system (TIME, July 16). Said French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing: "The suggested procedure of calling an international conference on this subject does not appear opportune." Though many experts interpreted this politely phrased jab as a flat rejection, the fact was that Giscard d'Estaing said much the same thing that Fowler had said—that considerable negotiating has to be done before a summit can be convened. The Frenchman put it in a negative and scary way to remind the world that France has the power to obstruct a meeting. Conclusion: France probably will not prevent a conference but will hold out for a lot of preconditions, and a meeting may be a long time in coming.

France is hardly alone in questioning U.S. economic primacy. The continental nations generally would like to see the role of the dollar reduced in international finance. Policymakers in West Germany, The Netherlands and Switzerland have proposed or supported measures that would reduce the ability of U.S. businessmen to buy into their industries. Even the Common Market's Eurocrats, who oppose De Gaulle, believe that by building a united Europe they can create an effective counterbalance to U.S. economic power.

An Equal Partner. Not all of the troublous economic currents are transatlantic. In Washington two weeks ago, a delegation of Japanese Cabinet members jolted U.S. Cabinet members by demanding, in effect, that the U.S. begin treating Japan as an equal partner

in economic matters. The visitors stiffly turned down U.S. requests for a lowering of Japanese tariffs against U.S. goods and restrictions against U.S. investments. They also declined a U.S. invitation to contribute to a billion-dollar aid program for Southeast Asia, rejected the U.S. suggestion that they withhold long-term credits from Communist China.

Instead, they demanded that the U.S. renegotiate fishing rights and airline agreements, which the Japanese feel were unfairly forced on them after the war. Asked the Japanese ministers: Why shouldn't their commercial airlines be permitted to fly to New York and on beyond, just as U.S. lines are permitted to fly to Tokyo and on beyond? The U.S. was hard put for an answer, agreed to begin negotiating the question in August.

WEST GERMANY

A Many-Titled Tycoon

As a World War II prisoner held near Concordia, Kans., German Afrika Korps Lieut. Reinhard Mohn developed a command of English and an affection for American ways. Mohn returned to Germany and took over his family's small 111-year-old C. C. Bertelsmann publishing company, read all that he could find about U.S. management ideas—and made the firm the colossus of the West German book business, ten times larger than its nearest competitors. Lately he has made himself West Germany's movie king as well. He has bought the famed but financially troubled Ufa studio, and last month he acquired a 50% interest in Munich's Constantin Filmverleih, the country's biggest film distributor and producer. It specializes in grinding out Wild West films in the Yugoslav mountains.

Broadening Choice. Mohn grew rich by adapting to West Germany a U.S. success: the mass-market book club. He persuaded the closely bound fraternity of 5,000 book dealers and door-to-door book salesmen to solicit memberships by offering the solicitors plump 41% commissions on each volume sold to any member they signed up. While his competitors concentrated on small editions of intellectual literature, Mohn brought out volumes with mass appeal from encyclopedias to schmalz. Applications rolled in—80% of them from young people who had never before read books outside of school. Mohn now has four clubs for books and records, and a membership of 3,200,000, including Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. This year he will put out 22 million books and write up sales of some \$80 million. (The U.S.'s largest book publisher, Crowell-Collier-Macmillan, last year had sales of \$113 million.)

Bertelsmann grew so fast that a few years ago it wobbled. "Our old patriarchal form of management collapsed," says Mohn. "We were practically forced into decentralization." With techniques gleaned from U.S. magazines and books and his biennial brain-picking visits to the U.S., he split Bertelsmann into 44 subsidiaries, each with its own boss and its own specialized function, such as printing, warehousing and collecting bills. Delegating with skill, he told managers: "I don't care what you do—as long as everybody in the company provides the world's best solution to his particular problem." Whenever a subsidiary shows signs of a sloppy performance, Mohn himself steps in and takes over.

Rejecting Controversy. In his own reading, Mohn, 44, confines himself to books on business (notably those of



BERTELSMANN'S MOHN

From Kansas to Yugoslav Westerns.

U.S. Management Consultant Peter Drucker) and the eight books a year "most recommended" for his book clubs. The members, with growing sophistication and independence, are tending to ignore the clubs' recommendations: the number making their own selections has risen from 20% in the early postwar years to 77% now.

Mohn also scans some manuscripts, usually turns down any that might be controversial. He has no regrets over rejecting the bestselling manuscript of Rolf Hochhuth's play, *The Deputy*, which criticized Pope Pius XII. The boss's only regret is that about one-third of West Germany's adults do not read books (according to a recent Gallup poll, 77% of the Americans it queried had not cracked a book within the past year). Mohn figures that Germany's small number of nonreaders will diminish if and when he can find more salesmen in the labor-short country to sell books from door to door.



This summer you are going to look good behind bars.

Because this summer you are going to whip up the following tempting drinks. All made with Rose's Lime Juice. The lime juice comes from juicy yellow West Indian limes. The only lime juice which is as tartly sweet, as zesty, as wildly green.

1 The Gimlet: one part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve in a cocktail glass or on the rocks.

2 The Rose's Collins: 3 parts light rum, 1 part Rose's. Pour over ice. Fill with tonic.

3 Rose's Bloody Mary: 1 1/2 cups Rose's, 1 can ginger beer, tomato juice, salt, pepper, a dash of Worcester sauce. Shake with ice, serve in a good sized glass.

4 The Rose's Sour: 4 parts of whiskey, 1 or 2 parts Rose's, 1 part Scotch, 1 1/2 parts Rose's. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into a mixing glass.

5 Rose's Tonic: add a dash of Rose's to a pitcher of gin, top with Schweppes Tonic.

6 The Margarita: 1 1/2 oz. ginger liqueur, 1/2 oz. Triple Sec, 1/4 cup Rose's. Shake well with cracked ice and pour into a cocktail glass. A lime wedge rim has been spun in salt.

Try them all. You'll enjoy having a reputation.

CINEMA

Persuasive Nightmare

These Are The Damned is a small, harrowing science-fiction thriller in which expatriate U.S. Director Joseph Losey (*The Servant, Eva!*) puts his best film footage forward, displaying some of the razzle-dazzle camera technique that has won him a major reputation among movie buffs. Filmed in England in 1962 with a second-string cast and a familiar atomic-age theme, *The Damned* exudes a mesmerizing air of intangible menace.

Losey gets his tale off to a snappy start at Weymouth, a seedy Victorian-style beach resort where rock 'n' roll mocks the glories of a bygone era. An affluent American tourist (MacDonald Carey) picks up a tart (Shirley Anne Field) who lures him away to be mugged by Teddy boys. At a local inn, a worldly sculptress (smashingly played by Viveca Lindfors) wryly suggests to her lover (Alexander Knox) that his real mistress is the "mysterious project" he heads at a heavily guarded cliff-top installation near town. Step by step, Losey nudges his characters into a sci-fi fantasy, in which the clichés of the script are nearly always redeemed by stunning cinematic metaphor. His shrewdest touch is the band of motorcycling Teddies who swarm like gnats through the narrative, their blind, mindless violence set up as a stinging contrast to the crueler, chillingly cerebral evils yet to come.

During a second rendezvous, the tourist and the tart are pursued by the Teddies up to the forbidden military site and over the cliffside, where they are rescued by nine clear-eyed but strangely cold-blooded children. The youngsters' home is an antiseptically sealed experimental station within the rocky precipice; there Knox is nurturing a super-race enabled by mutation to survive what he sees as the inevitable nuclear holocaust. Although Losey's ban-the-bomb arguments by now sound

stale and conventional, the film's climax fuses foolishness and fission in a poetically persuasive nightmare. Doomed lovers, terrorized children and a strutting Teddy boy all flee by land and sea, chased by Knox's avenging whirlybirds, which swoop overhead like precision-made angels of death.



PEPPARD & ASHLEY IN "DAY"
Toiling in vain for thrills.

Basic Blackout

The Third Day. Looking agitated, George Peppard climbs through a broken guardrail, glances below at the riverbank where his Lincoln Continental and a take-home cocktail waitress have come to a bad end. He staggers off to a plush roadhouse where he is eyed knowingly by the bartender, the pianist, and his waiting chauffeur. He blinks, confused, unable to place faces but sensing in the situation something familiar. The familiar something is, of course, amnesia—the basic blackout of more suspense melodramas than most moviegoers care to remember.

In *Third Day*, Peppard learns from a medic that his "memory is on vacation." But under befuddled Director Jack Smight, none of Peppard's intimates react like normal human beings to the news that he cannot recall his name and address. A dithering old aunt (Mona Washbourne) starts spouting reams of plot exposition. His wealthy, neglected young wife (Elizabeth Ashley) strikes poses in doorways or on beds as though all the world were a fashion layout.

Did Peppard kill the waitress? One clue is the knavery of his wife's cousin (Roddy McDowall), who schemes to take over and sell the family's china factory. Though Peppard was once a ne'er-do-well, amnesia has instantly transformed him into a decent chap who knows he is incapable of murder and irresponsible profiteering. He finds a kindred soul in his father-in-law (Herbert Marshall), a tycoon smitten with aphasia and therefore exempted from many a dull speech. Reels later, the hero's name,

his wife's pretty neck, his marriage and the fine china are salvaged. Actors Peppard and Ashley, a romantic duo off screen as well as on, toil in vain to capture the thrill of it all for posterity. What they see in each other will undoubtedly outlast *The Third Day*.

Number's Up

I Saw has just got under way when a pair of youngsters wander out to a barn to visit a pony. Suddenly the door slams shut behind them. Outside, the bushes begin rustling. Can it be the wind? An unseen enemy? Actually, nothing at all is happening. The culprit is really Producer-Director William Castle, who seldom lets plausibility slow the pace of his grade-B shockers.

I Saw delivers its message by telephone, and rings in some crude but effective suspense from the mischief wrought by two nubile teen-agers (Movie Newcomers Andi Garrett and Sarah Lane). With Mom and Dad away on an overnight trip, Andi invites Sarah out to her remote country mansion to help baby-sit. Crank calls are the girls' favorite diversion. The usual play: "I saw what you did and I know who you are." It is a dubious icebreaker at best, but downright troublesome when addressed to an unstable suburbanite (John Ireland) who that very evening has carved up his wife with a kitchen knife and buried her body in the woods. To the girls he sounds "sexy . . . a swinger." They phone again. Yeh, yeh.

Ireland's other problem is Joan Crawford, cast as a predatory neighbor who doesn't care what a man has done so long as he is willing to remarry. Joan is given big billing but has a small role, and soon both her number and her time are up. The plot perks right along without her. Having learned Andi's identity, Ireland closes in during the wee hours when open windows, flashing cutlery and hairbreadth escapes are apt to achieve maximum impact among teen-agers. Any who are hooked on horror shows will find every reason to haunt Castle's. Their parents may prefer to stay home and sneak in a few phone calls.



GARRETT & LANE IN "I SAW"
Making mischief by phone.



FIELD & CAREY IN "DAMNED"
Molding fission and fantasy.

BOOKS

Giving Up the Game

THE LOOKING GLASS WAR by John le Carré. 320 pages. Coward-McCann. \$4.95.

On a hillside overlooking East Germany, the men who have molded the spy, a Pole named Leiser, silently shake his hand. They have come thus far together. Now he must go on alone. "There were no fine words," writes Author Le Carré, his eye fixed on the solitary figure going down the hill into the obliterating night shadows. "It was



CORNWELL
A terminal conviction.

as if they had all taken leave of Leiser long ago."

This is Le Carré's dark point, struck like a funeral bell on nearly every page of this book. Leiser is doomed. He descends the hill to foreordained failure in his mission, sensing that those whom he wants to trust will, if it comes to that, abandon him. He has all the significance of a pawn, played and sacrificed in a game that itself has no meaning.

Out of the Cold. After *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* lifted Le Carré to the rank of writers liberated from considerations of market, Le Carré admitted that his real name was David Cornwell, his real profession the British Foreign Service, and came out of the cold himself by quitting his job to set up as a full-time writer. He also announced that he had one more espionage story in him and that that one would be his last. This is apparently it, and its thesis must be accepted as Le Carré's terminal conviction, at least on the art of spying.

Spy was successful in part because it was almost the exact antithesis of James Bond. Alec Leamas is more than a spy. He is aging and tired, skilled but fallible. Le Carré took infinite literary pains to

limb him as an ordinary mortal, susceptible to mundane pressures, capable of cynicism about his craft, who in the end elects to rejoin the society that he never quite left.

Rusty Skills. In contrast, *The Looking Glass War* is totally dehumanized. Leamas is believable; Leiser is not. The book's tension depends not so much on Leiser's spying mission to East Germany as on the efforts of a scorned and inferior arm of British intelligence ("the Department") to haul itself back into the Establishmentarian swim on Leiser's shoulders. With a typically British mixture of ineptness and guile, the seven men who still operate the Department in the drab house on Blackfriars Road, jostle for position, portentously con "the Minister" for a bigger budget, extra limousines, higher status. And on Cambridge Circus, another and superior division of British intelligence cynically sees the whole exercise as a chance to get rid of an inferior nuisance. "The Circus" provides only obsolete equipment and minimum cooperation. The Department men compound this by blunder after blunder. Leiser himself, who at 40 is really too old for the business, is only too pathetically eager to savor again the exhilaration he felt as a British agent during the war. There is something almost perverse about his zeal for the mission. And his skills are so rusty that East German security men, locking onto his radio transmissions, are mystified by what they think, at first, must be the handiwork of an amateur.

Le Carré spins out his story with impressive skill. It is not as good a spy story as *Spy*, which kept the reader guessing to the end as a good espionage story should. In *Looking Glass*, the author is graduating from his genre, as he promised he would. Having had his say about espionage, a profession that does not transact the common lot, presumably Le Carré will henceforth apply his considerable competence to themes much nearer human experience—and much worthier of his own understanding of it.

A God Within

DEMIAN by Hermann Hesse, translated by Roloff and Lebeck. 171 pages. Harper & Row. \$4.50.

Gerhart Hauptmann, Thomas Mann, Hermann Hesse: three glum Dutch uncles dominated the tone of German literature in the first half of the 20th century. The first two were world-famous figures—Hauptmann as a grim *Grossvater* of a social realism (*The Weavers*), Mann as a laboriously brilliant intellectual who wrote the era's most imposing novel of ideas (*The Magic Mountain*), Hesse, who died in 1962, was little known outside Central

Europe, even after he won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1946.

Happily, the injustice is about to be remedied. With this new and generally admirable translation of the novel that established Hesse's reputation in Germany, his U.S. publisher has initiated a series intended to include all his major works and to persuade U.S. readers that Hesse is essential to their ethos. It will not be easy. Hesse is relentlessly esoteric—one of those Faustian fellows who make Moles out of moleholes. Yet in the judgment of most German critics, he is one of the purest lyric poets since Goethe, and among the most profound of the many novelists who elaborate the drama of modern man in search of his soul.

Merging Cultures. Hesse was born in the Black Forest of Lutheran missionary parents who had spent many years in India. German romanticism and oriental mysticism met in the Hesse household and merged in the boy's imagination. Religion and poetry were his earliest passions, and poetry prevailed. At 14, Hesse dropped out of theological seminary; at 21, he published his first book of verse. In the next 15 years he achieved some closet reputation as a man who had little to say but said it exquisitely.

In the empty bottle, in the glass.

The candle glimmers through the gloom;

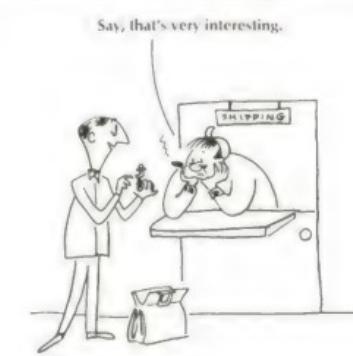
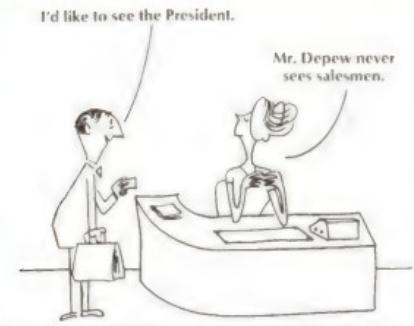
It is cold in the room.
Outside the rain falls softly on the grass.

I lie down again as I always do,
Cold and sad lie down again
Morning comes and evening then
Comes again, but never you.

World War I changed all that. Hesse protested publicly against the Kaiser's policies, suffered an emotional breakdown, was cured by a pupil of Switzerland's Carl Jung, and in 1919 published *Demian*, the story of a young man's struggle for identity that electrified a



HESSE
Moles out of moleholes.



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generation looking for a way out of moral and political disaster.

Glinting Images. Hesse's hero is obviously himself: the son of a devout and prosperous burgher who in childhood encounters a strange companion named Max Demian. Demian is a boy, but he has "the face of a man, superior and purposeful, lucid and calm, with knowing eyes. Yet the face had something feminine about it too, and was somehow a thousand years old. He was different, like an animal or a spirit or a picture, unimaginably different from the rest of us."

Demian is the hero's daemon, a figure that embodies the latent power of his own personality, the god within him that is evil as well as good. The novel describes how at first the opposites oppose each other but at last are reconciled in the self the hero becomes. In effect, the book is a case history of the integration process as Jung describes it, and as such it frequently suffers from schematism. The characters are concepts and their lives are theories, but somehow the abstractions are all bathed in a luminous and powerful stream of feeling that whirls them along, glinting and then gone and then suddenly welling out of the depths, like images in a dream.

Salvation, in a word, is the theme of *Demian*—and of all the important novels (*Siddhartha*, *Narziss und Goldmund*, *Glasperlenspiel*) that followed it. In them all Hesse writes with the subtle and mocking simplicity of an oracle: almost every sentence must be sifted for double or triple meanings. And he never condescends to the little tricks of storytelling that make reading easy. He is totally Germanically humorous, and time and again displays the absurdity of the self-absorbed: when he tries to be serious about life, he often manages merely to be earnest about himself. Yet at his best Hesse writes with diamantine clarity—not about the psychological self in current fashion, but about the metaphysical self of traditional contemplation. Hesse is not a conventional Christian; he does not believe he can be saved by belief in a god outside himself. He is a Gnostic; he believes he can be saved by experience of a god within himself. To Hesse the self is the end and all of living and man is the measure of all things—or would be, as he suggests ironically, if man could only devise some way to measure man.

Notes from Underground

THE MAKEPEACE EXPERIMENT by Abram Tertz, 191 pages. Pantheon. \$3.95

Abram Tertz (*The Trial Begins: Fantastic Stories*) is a famous Russian novelist who has never been published in Russia. To stay alive he is compelled to conceal his identity from all but a few intimates, smuggle his manuscripts out of the country for publication abroad. Readers of this witty, surrealistic satire

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on dictators in general and the Soviet system in particular will readily see the reason for his caution.

Comrade Leonard Makepeace is a provincial bicycle mechanic with a passion for the Marxian notion that man (and society) is perfectible on earth. This passion he dissipates happily in tavern talk until he meets a delectable but distant schoolmistress from Leningrad. Rejected in love, he goes after power and one day discovers in a volume of Indian theosophy the technique of "mental magnetism." He realizes he can make anybody do anything.

Replacement for God. Society can best be perfected, Lenny decides, by making society perfectly obedient to Lenny. First off, he makes the party leaders of the town pick him as their leader. To ensure his popular support, he makes the townspeople believe that red peppers are steak, that the local river is flowing with champagne. Heady with power, he declares his town an independent state and begins to build monuments to his own magnificence. The labor is supplied by the townspeople, who go singing to work under his hypnotic command and really want nothing more. When government forces are dispatched to oust him, he magnetically muddles their minds and they get lost in a nearby wood.

In his omnipotence, Lenny concludes that he has replaced God. What this amounts to is the withering away of the state. Lenny dismisses the police. If a man is tempted to rape, a boy to an act of vandalism, Lenny scotches the impulse by a mere moment's concentration. Soon there is nothing left but Lenny—who thinks he is perfect. Actually, he's real sick, and his sickness erupts in the society he has created. Women wantonly strip off their clothes in the street; men brawl. At the last, an invasion of radio-guided Soviet government tanks, impervious to Lenny's mental magnetism, restores order—Soviet order. Exclaims the narrator: "Things couldn't be worse!"

Prayer for Redemption. Author Tertz's aim is "to be truthful with the aid of the absurd and the fantastic." In his Orwellian fairy tale, Tertz twists Stalin and the cult of personality, Khrushchev and the cult of propaganda, the military mind, the herd instinct, and all the dizzy isms of contemporary Soviet life. He is intensely critical of human arrogance and folly, yet somehow views it all with detachment, as if from another point.

In the last chapter, it becomes clear what that point is. In the character of an old priest who prays for the redemption of all the Russians, Author Tertz says: "He was only a village priest, but one thing he knew: that even if his church were the last on earth, he must stay at his post on the edge of the world and continue to work for the salvation of impious men—continue to work like an ox, like a laborer, like a king—like the Lord God Himself."

Current & Various

YESTERDAY IS TOMORROW by Malvina Hoffman. 378 pages. Crown. \$7.50

"You have the damned American facility for making sketches," growled Sculptor Auguste Rodin. She also had a facility for making friends, so Malvina Hoffman, daughter of English-born Pianist Richard Hoffman, combined both, carved herself a career as a fashionable sculptor. Rodin, Gutzon Borglum, Ivan Mestrovic were her teachers; Mrs. E. H. Harriman was a patroness; and some of her best friends were subjects: Pianist-Stateman Ignace Paderewski, Dancer Anna Pavlova, Surgeon Harvey Cushing, Paleontologist Teilhard de



HOFFMAN AT WORK
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Chardin. In addition to portraits of the wealthy and the famous, the indefatigable Malvina accepted commissions for the monument to English-American friendship at Bush House, London; 104 life-size studies for the Races of Man series at Chicago's Natural History Museum; the American War Memorial at Epinal, France; a flagpole for IBM; a road marker for Milliken Mills. Now 80, she tells all about everything in this book of leisurely, ladylike reminiscences. To judge from the illustrations, the style of her sculpture is public monument modern. To judge from this book, Author Hoffman thinks that her life as a Murray Hill bohemian has been interesting and imagines that everyone else will find it so.

THE SEAT OF POWER by James D. Horan. 438 pages. Crown. \$5.95.

Now assistant managing editor of Hearst's New York Journal-American, James D. Horan has spent much of his 35-year newspaper career as an investigative reporter or "digger." In this labyrinthine novel, he describes the city's seamy side vividly, if repetitiously: the sticky-fingered cops who protect the numbers racket; the Mafia-type Italians in East Harlem who run it, along with sundry other unsavory businesses; and bought judges who sanction it all. With

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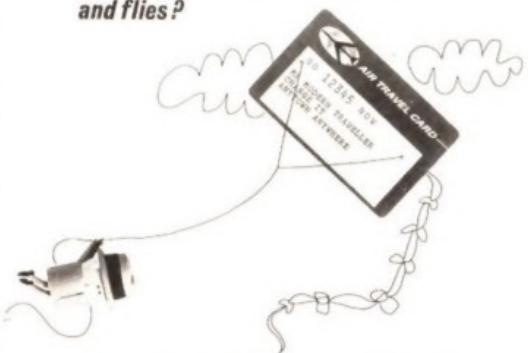
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other specimens of the "inside" novel genre, this one has several characters whose real-life models are familiar—the rabble-rousing, white-hating black fanatic named the Prophet, the Italian rackets czar named Vito, the acquisitive, balance-sheet-conscious newspaper owner. Horan is best at sketching in the details of corruption. It is a picture so shocking that it would strain credulity—were it not for the fact that most of the scandals he telescopes into a brief winter in the mid-1960s happened, over a longer period, in New York City. In Horan's book, however, the scandals get solved and the villains get caught.

A MAN'S WORLD by William Camp. 191 pages. Lyle Stuart. \$3.

It was some time ago that Hester Prynne elevated suburban adultery to a community sport in the U.S. The British, as Author Camp tells it, still have not quite got the hang of the game. Sarah Hewitt is the "scarlet woman of Bickerton" in the London suburbs, squired everywhere by the hearty Derek while her husband puts his life into his work in the City. Things are not what they seem: Sarah has not earned her letter at all, but is merely a bench-warmer wrestling around in the raw without ever quite coming to the point. Even when Sarah moves on to a more serious infatuation with impeccably Old Boy Stephen Hunter, their long awaited red-letter day turns out to be a nightmare: Stephen is impotent except when he is asleep. The result is that everybody suffers the penalties of adulterous anguish without ever tasting any of its furtive thrills in this drab, oddly flat, moral tale, and Camp's followers to the end are left to sigh with Sarah's spouse: "The world would be a far happier place if people weren't always analyzing their motives and ventilating their complexes."

PINKTOES by Chester Himes. 256 pages. Putnam-Stein & Day. \$5.

This latest morsel from the previously published-only-in-Paris works of Olympia Press will disappoint smut lovers everywhere. It is at best a poor scraping from the bottom of the *Candy* barrel. Mamie Mason, Harlem hostess with the mostest, sets out to solve the Race Problem in her own forthright fashion by aiding and abetting two-tone cohabitation as widely and as often as possible among her vast collage of acquaintances. As a single, running, off-color joke, the novel turns out to be neither very funny nor very dirty. The level of its humor is set by Negro Author Chester Himes in a laboriously arch preface that explains that "pinktoes is a term of indulgent affection applied to white women by Negro men, and sometimes conversely by Negro women to white men, but never adversely by either." Sample line: "Her moments of tender intimacy with a big fine white man, if all were put together, would make a fine Swiss watch." Man!

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